

From Bentley's Miscellany.

ARTHUR HELPS.

BACON's words make an apt motto for "Friends in Council," the spirit of them being notably embodied in the form of that charming book. "It is good, in Discourse, and Speech of Conversation," saith the philosopher, "to vary and intermingle Speech of the present Occasion with Arguments; Tales with Reasons; Asking of Questions with Telling of Opinions; and Jest with Earnest: For it is a dull Thing to Tire, and as we say now, to Jade, anything too far." Milverton's essays are never allowed to tire, or jade, anything too far: at the first possibility of *quid nimis*, his two friends in council haste into the rescue, and change the monologue into a mixed mode of cheery converse—like those other friends in council, one of whom tells us how, on summer days in the woods,

— "they glanced from theme to theme,  
Discuss'd the books to love or hate,  
Or touch'd the changes of the state,  
Or threaded some Socratic dream."

For we can fancy a real likeness to exist between the colloquies on paper of these Worth Ashton worthies, and those of actual *vivâ voce* fact, so tenderly recorded in our laureate's verse; between the matter and manner peculiar to the collegian's conference, and that characteristic of our fictitious "Friends in Council," who, in effect, seem to us now to

— "talk as once they talked  
Of men and minds, the dust of change,  
The days that grow to something strange,  
In walking as of old they walked,"

beside the river's wooded reach, or elsewhere. This composite order in the structure of his later works gives them a marked superiority, *cateris paribus*, in point of interest and popular effect, over the earlier "Essays written in Intervals of Business."

Mr. Helps is one of those writers whose frequent playfulness is, to quote the "Oxford Graduate," never without such deep love of God, of truth, and of humanity, as shall make even its lightest words reverent, its

idlest fancies profitable, and its keenest satire indulgent: a playfulness, of which Wordsworth and Plato are proposed as the finest and highest examples—in the one case, unmixed with satire, the perfectly simple effusion of that spirit

"Which gives to all the self-same bent,  
Whose life is wise and innocent;"

in Plato, and, adds Mr. Ruskin, "in a very wise book of our own times, not unworthy of being named in such companionship, 'Friends in Council,' mingled with an exquisitely tender and loving satire."\* You can see how satirical the essayist might be, in many an instance where he allows himself only to be gently ironical. There is often a strong dash of the Thackeray essence in his reflections on man and manners—as where the essayist, contrasting life as it is in novels with life as it is out of them, says that in the latter, real life, nothing is tied up neatly, but all in odds and ends, and that no third volume turns up to make things straight—many an Augustus marrying many a Belinda, and, instead of being happy ever afterwards, finding in each successive period of their existence its own new growth of trials and troubles. Or where Milverton mentions his meeting at a country inn with a book of prize-fighters' memoirs, and describes them as sad chronicles, told with much earnestness: how Jim This was stout-hearted and skilful too, but thought he could do more than he could—and Tom That could have done anything but that he was fond of something else—and Sam the Other, who could beat all the world, had somebody at home whom he was more afraid of than all the world: the book being dismissed with the remark, that it was very like reading of great conquerors and mighty kings, only that the names were shorter. The quality of the author's satire is seen and felt in such remarks as that on the exact proportion of a man's ignorance of a subject, to the noise he makes about it at a public meeting; or the sententious counsel to prefer tallow-boiling as a profession to literature—"it is better to

"Stones of Venice," vol. III.

provide the fuel for the lamp than those productions which are said to smell most of it;" or his fling at those coarse, complacent people of the world who "pronounce not only upon the influx and efflux of tea, coffee, sugar, and gold (in which, by the way, their dicta are generally wrong)," but also on the ebb and flow of the passions or the affections—and who, seven hundred years ago, after the first crusade, would have pronounced, with a wave of the hand after dinner, that there never could be such another adventure again, as the first had by no means been found to pay;—or, once more, the expression of his quiet disdain for the wordy revolutionists of 1848, and their issuing edicts upon the settlement of all human affairs, public and private, with a rapidity and want of thought which, he says, would be shameful if applied to the regulations of a kennel of hounds—men (he calls them) "of glittering words, false axioms, inappropriate antitheses, and general inflation of mind." His turn for humor is of a genuine English sort. It is his own observation, that nothing corrects theories better than that sense of humor in which Englishmen excel: "an Englishman sees easily the absurdity which lurks in any extreme proposition;" and the essayist's own writings exemplify the assertion. In pathos, again, he repeatedly, though most unobtrusively, shows himself an approved good master. Witness the little episode relating to Ellesmere's dead-and-gone nephew, and that of his German *protégée*, or the reverie picturing forth a descendant's life-history, or the sick-bed scene where a fallen woman lies, steeped in misery and degradation, but thinking of her mother's gentle assiduities in some of the ailments of her childhood, or the allusion to one of those vast bereavements which seem a tearing away of part of a man's very soul: "when he thought each noise in the house, hearing noises that he never heard before, must be something they were doing in the room—the room—where lay all that was mortal of some one inexpressibly dear to him; when he awoke morning after morning to struggle with a grief which seemed as new, as appalling, and as large as on the first day; which, indeed, being part of himself, and thus partaking of his renovated powers, rose equipped with what rest, or alacrity, sleep had given him; and sank, unconquered, only

when he was too wearied in body and mind to attend to it, or to anything." To every such passage we may justly apply a distinguished critic's note of admiration: "Il n'y a pas une affectation, pas un effort: ce sont des circonstances toutes simples, senties par une âme vive; et rien n'est plus éloquent."

Of the three "Friends" who walk and talk and take sweet "Council" together, Ellesmere is the man of most individuality. He is a rough, slovenly-dressed, out-spoken, George Warrington sort of a man, cynical of speech and kind of heart, impatient of shams, and no way regardful of appearances. When he goes out to dinner, his reflection is, "What a sacrifice of good things, and of the patience and comfort of human beings, a cumbrous modern dinner is;" and his inevitable longing on such occasions is, to get up and walk about. His friends wonder what he would have done, with that satirical turn of his, in old persecuting times—what escape his sarcasm would have found for itself: some orthodox way, one of them suggests, who questions Ellesmere's inclination for martyrdom: to which Ellesmere replies, that certainly he has no taste for making torches for truth, or being one—preferring humane darkness to such illumination; but that, at the same time, as he for himself well and truly says, "one cannot tell lies; and if one had been questioned about the incomprehensibilities which men in former days were so fierce upon, one must have shown that one disagreed with all parties." His intimates accuse him of coldness of nature; he never dilates much upon anything that interests him, though a pet subject at which he has been working for months,—nor is he fond of listening to the never-ending talk of others about their hobbies, but, even with Dunsford and Milverton, votes for much continuity of silence when the Friends in Council have had "floods of discussion," and declares his preference of Rollo's companionship (good dog Rollo!) to theirs, unless such silence be accorded. Ellesmere's regard for Rollo, and in fact for all dumb creatures, is a characteristic not to be slurred over. "Come, let us go and see the pigs," he exclaims, at the close of one congress—"I hear them grunting over their dinner in the farm-yard. I like to see creatures who can be happy without a theory."

Like some other great lawyers of past and present days — Erskine, Brougham, and Wilde, for instance — he is very fond, Milverton tells him, "of live creatures of all kinds — men, women, and children excepted" — and is ever making purchases at Hungerford market, in his walks home from Westminster to his chambers; now a Newfoundland puppy of remarkable sagacity, which forthwith gets the upper hand of Rollo; now a peacock of imperial presence and intense self-complacency; pigeons, guinea pigs, curious fowls of various kinds, a jackdaw of mark and likelihood, and a hedgehog which he calls "his learned friend," but which his associates call Snoozelem. His maxim is, Love me, not only love my dog, but my pig, my guinea-pig that is to say, my pigeons, and my hedgehog. And when Milverton, in one of the colloquies, expresses his wish to see an opportunity of self-development extend to animals, Ellesmere says: "Mine does not 'extend' to animals: it begins there, I don't know whether it goes on. Benevolence, you know, is not my forte." Benevolence is his forte though, and beneficence too. As for his faithful Rollo, it is fine to observe the *entente cordiale* between them — to overhear the master's half asides, muttered in piquant ridicule of something in the essay or the debate, and supposed to be meant for the favorite's rough and ready ear — and to see that favorite come bounding to him, nearly upsetting him thereby, in the intent of coming to shake hands, as the way of dogs is, with his mouth.

Ellesmere, then, is "not a bad fellow," says Milverton, "at least not so bad as he seems" — a remark properly enough resented by Ellesmere, who vows it is very spiteful to represent him as having less spite than was supposed, "wearing me about you like a tame serpent with the poison taken out of him." Whether working a problem in boyhood, or cogitating a *questio vexata* in manhood, "I very seldom," says Ellesmere, "come to the same results as anybody else." So sarcastic is he, that the gentle Lucy wonders when anything in nature will give occasion to Mr. Ellesmere to say anything good-natured of man: when she knows him better, she will find the rugged cynic has a heart tender as her own; for he is like what one of our queerest and best of essayists has

been called, a Diogenes with the heart of a Saint John.

If Ellesmere's character is traced in bold sharp strokes, that of Dunsford is happily shaded with delicate *nuances* and quiet tints, very effective in their way. He likes to listen rather than to talk; and by his own account, when anything apposite does occur to him, it is generally the day after the conversation takes place. But we feel his presence "in Council" throughout; and when he does speak, it is with a benignant sagacity, a mellow good sense, and often a lambent irony, that add materially to the interest of the debate. On a hot day, when the Friends are all of them lying about in easy attitudes on the grass, Dunsford with his gaiters forms a prominent as well as a most picturesque figure. He sometimes puts a question that requires a stout quarto volume with notes to answer. In matters of controversy, he seldom wants more than a slight pretext for going over to the charitable side of things. His sister manages his Worth Ashton home for him, and does not leave him much to do as regards the management of himself; but he is tolerant of petticoat government, and checks the first risings of discontent with the memento, "But I must not complain, as it is a great thing to be loved and cared for by anybody." He is no white-livered milksop, though. He is prompt to glow with enthusiasm at a generous thought or deed, and to boil with indignation at a base or cruel one. When one of Milverton's essays refers to Slavery as "the enduring perplexity of the wisest men," the good, mild pastor interposes a protest: "Strike out that word 'enduring,' Milverton; endure it cannot, endure it shall not" — to be hailed by Milverton with a delighted "Well done, my dear Dunsford! I have seen for some time that you have been at boiling point, quite ready to go out in a boat by yourself and attack a slaver (some one did the other day); or to set up an academy for Negro boys in a slave state, perhaps the more dangerous thing of the two." And if Dunsford now and then says something that, by its simplicity and confiding innocence, elicits from Ellesmere the exclamation: "My dear Dunsford, what an invaluable creature you are, how charmingly you are imposed upon;" on the other hand he sometimes drops a sage remark that prompts Milverton to say: "I cannot help

thinking what a shrewd man you are, Dunsford, when you choose to be so," — and to maintain that it is Dunsford, after all, who ought to conduct great law-cases, and write essays, instead of leaving such things to his two Friends in Council, and affecting the part of a simple, unworldly, retired man, content to receive his impressions of men and things from his pupils. We share the essayist's admiration of Dunsford's mild wisdom — of the spectacle of old age gracefully filling its high calling of a continually-enlarging sympathy with the young, and tolerance for them. "A man has only to become old to be tolerant," says Goethe; and adds: "I see no fault committed which I also might not have committed." Dunsford is described as having reached to the same level of toleration by sheer goodness of nature.

The essayist is, in a good sense, a free-thinking and free-speaking man. Practical, sagacious, earnest, manly, opposed to whatever is mean, narrow, or illiberal. "Years ago," he says, "an old college friend defined this present writer as a man who could say the most audacious things with the least offence." Puritanism comes in again and again for no left-handed blow from this good strong arm. Every social mischief for two centuries past, he says, has been darkened and deepened by Puritanism. It is beyond melancholy, it verges on despair, he says, to see ministers of religion immersed in heart-breaking trash from which no sect is free — here fopperies of discipline — there (still more dangerous) fopperies of doctrine. His exegesis of the text which gives as a main feature of pure and undefiled religion, the keeping oneself unspotted from the world, assures many excellent clergymen that their "world," their temptation to err, lies in clerical niceness and over-sanctity, and making more and longer sermons than there is any occasion for, and insisting upon needless points of doctrine, and making Christianity a stumbling-block to many, and turning Sunday into a ghastly idol. If all clergymen had been Christians, it is observed, there would by this time have been no science of theology. An English Churchman though he be, he avows his long-entertained belief, that our Church stands upon foundations which need more breadth and solidity, both as regards the hold it ought to have on the reason and on the affections of its members — that it is too impersonal —

belongs too much to books, set creeds and articles, and not enough to living men — not admitting easily of those modifications which life requires, and which guard life by adapting it to what it has to bear.

Commend us to him for baiting that bugbear, Conventionality. Let whose will,

"praise the busy town —  
He loves to rail against it still,  
For 'ground in yonder social mill  
We rub each other's angles down,  
And merge,' he says, 'in form and gloss  
The picturesque of man and man.'"

Thousands are grateful to him for his complaint how often in society a man goes out from interested or vain motives, at most unseasonable hours, in very uncomfortable clothes, to sit or stand in a constrained position, inhaling tainted air, suffering from great heat, and his sole occupation or amusement — to talk, only to talk. Grateful for his *exposé* of those assemblies of fine people in London, where nobody has anything to do, where nothing is going on but rapid conversation, where the ladies dare not move freely about, and where a good chorus, a childish game, or even the liberty to work or read, would be a perfect godsend to the whole assembly. Grateful for his dead-set against the notion that all activity must move in certain grooves to be owned as successful and respectable. Grateful for his cross-examination, conviction, and condemnation of the theory, that self-development, or even the development of others, is not the end of life, but the getting or doing something which can be weighed, measured, ticketed, and in some way proved to the world. "As for the world," says Ellesmere, "I am one of the few persons who really care but little for it. The hissing of collected Europe, provided I knew the hissers could not touch me, would be a grateful sound rather than the reverse — that is, if heard at a reasonable distance." The essayist may not subscribe to all the flighty things Ellesmere is pleased to say, but they may pretty nearly all be taken, in spirit, as his own, *cum grano*, — it being his express design to represent Ellesmere as a most accomplished and a thorough gentleman; not exactly the conventional gentleman, but a man whom savages would certainly take to be a chief in his own country, showing high courtesy to others with a sort of coolness as regards himself, the result of being free from many of the usual small

shames, petty ends, trivial vanities, and marked social operations, which, he says, dwarf men in their intercourse with others, or make them like clowns daubed over in ugly patches.

Thus, in regard to dress, he avows his own private opinion to be, that the discomfort caused by injudicious dress worn entirely in deference to the most foolish of mankind, in fact to the tyrannous majority, would outweigh many an evil that sounds very big. And he conjectures that, were angels to make "perfect returns" of statistics in these matters, it might be seen that perhaps our everyday shaving, severe shirt-collars, and other ridiculous garments, are equivalent to a great European war once in seven years, and that women's stays do about as much harm, *i. e.* cause as much suffering, as an occasional pestilence—say, for instance, the cholera.

Talk about this age being free from fear of the fagot or the torture-chamber! For his part, our essayist refers us to fear of the social circle, fear of the newspaper, fear of being odd, fear of what may be thought by people who never did think, still greater fear of what somebody may say—and asks, Are not these things a clinging dress of torture? The subjects of terror, he reminds us, vary so much in different times, that it is difficult to estimate the different degrees of courage shown in resisting them. "Men fear public opinion now as they did in former times the star-chamber: and those awful goddesses, Appearances, are to us what the Fates were to the Greeks." Especially are women indebted to him for what he stoutly says for them, and satirically says to them, in respect of conventionality. He advocates such changes in female education as shall free them from that "absurd timidity of *mind* more than of body which prevents their seeing things as they are, and makes them, and consequently men, the victims of conventionality." So wedded is the feminine nature to what it is accustomed to, that Ellesmere asserts his conviction that if it were customary to have the right hand thumbs of all people in the upper classes cut off, the women would all vow that it was an elegant custom. The way in which the Friends in Council "ventilate" conventional humdrums, illustrates the advice given by St. Marc Girardin in one of his *Essais de Morale*: "Ayez des amis, si vous vivez dans les temps tranquilles et calmes, afin d'exa-

miner avec eux les règles que le monde s'est faites, et de les vivifier par un peu de controverse: car, si le doute tue la morale, la routine la tue aussi." Or, as Mrs. Browning's hero words it,

"For this age shows, to my thinking, still more  
infidels to Adam  
Than directly, by profession, simple infidels to  
God."

Much might be said about the essayist's earnest advocacy of the cause of progress, and the true rights of man. The most admirable precepts, he sees, are thrown from time to time upon this cauldron of human affairs, and seem oftentimes only to make it blaze the higher; but that hinders not his proffering admirable precepts of his own, nor represses his sanguine aspirations on behalf of the world, his faith in the increasing purpose that through the ages runs. He is cheery and genial—suspects that Solomon was rather melancholy than wise, when he pronounced that Wisdom is sorrow—holds that the more variety men have in their amusements the better—and believes that some day it will be found out, that to bring up a man with a genial nature, a good temper, and a happy form of mind, is a greater effect than to perfect him in much knowledge and many accomplishments. He knows of no way so sure of making others happy as of being so oneself, to begin with: not that people are to be self-absorbed; but they are to drink in nature and life a little: from a genial, wisely-developed man, good things radiate; whereas your philanthropical, cut-and-dried benevolent people are very apt to be one-sided and fussy, and not of the sweetest temper if others will not be good and happy in their way. Certainly one of the most charming characteristics of our essayist is the kindly, unpretentious, unpolemical tact with which he rather suggests than argues out, rather intimates than demonstrates, what he has to teach.

In touching on his style, and art of composition, some notice is due to that lavish use of imagery and illustration to which he more than once calls attention. Milverton is much given to the figurative and metaphoric. "O, I am no match for you if you once get amongst metaphors," says Ellesmere to him: "it is your tradé." To which Milverton replies, that these are subjects the truth of

which can never be so well brought out as by the aid of metaphors, which give body and circumstance to things incapable of adequate representation if discussed in cold though precise terms. Ellesmere is struck by this remark, and owns, in his own open way, that he dares say there's truth as well as cleverness in it — though still of opinion, that metaphors have done at least as much harm by introducing falsehood as good the other way. "But you have made a good plea," he adds, "and you may indulge in as many metaphors as you like." Milverton does indulge in a good many accordingly. His figures of speech are often pregnant with meaning, and come in with happy relief and illuminative power. Thus, he says there are men whose talents for governing are not developed until they are placed in power, like the palm-branches which spring out only at the top of the tree. Many a man, he says, has a kind of mental kaleidoscope, where the bits of broken glass are his own merits and fortunes, and they fall into harmonious arrangements and delight him — often most mischievously and to his ultimate detriment, but they are a present pleasure. Remarking on the kind of remorseful despair that is chiefly grounded on a foolish belief that individual words or actions constitute the whole life of man, whereas they are often not fair representatives of even portions of it, he illustrates his position thus: "The fragments of rock in a mountain stream may tell much of its history, are in fact results of its doings, but they are not the stream. They were brought down when it was turbid; it may now be clear: they are as much the result of other circumstances as of the action of the stream: their history is fitful: they give us no sure intelligence of the future course of the stream, or of the nature of its waters: and may scarcely show more than that it has not always been as it is." This to show, in a similitude, that the actions of men are often indifferent indications of the men themselves. To which similitude, by the way, Ellesmere objects, in the conversazione at the end of the essay, as "too much worked out:" observing that when we speak of similes not going on four legs, we imply that a simile is at best but a four-legged animal — whereas this foregoing comparison of life to a mountain stream, the rocks brought down by it being the actions, is almost a centipede of

a simile. Ellesmere suggests a mathematical simile of his own, in preference; but Milverton holds to the centipede.

Again: on the subject of the seclusion of the world's thinking few, Milverton remarks: "The mill-streams that turn the clappers of the world arise in solitary places:" — which his critic calls not a bad metaphor, but untrue. And when Milverton, lamenting the present aspect of our cathedrals, says that we look about, thinking when piety filled every corner, "and feel that the cathedral is too big for the Religion which is a dried-up thing that rattles in this empty space," Ellesmere declares *this* the boldest simile he has heard a long time.

Another characteristic passage. Milverton refers to an appearance in nature, by which he has often been put in mind of the effect of temper upon men: "It is in the lowlands near the sea, where, when the tide is not up (the man out of temper), there is a shiny, patchy, diseased-looking surface of mud and sick sea-weed. You pass by in a few hours, there is a beautiful lake, water up to the green grass (the man in temper again), and the whole landscape brilliant with reflected light." And to complete the likeness, Ellesmere adds, the good temper and the full tide last about the same time — with some men at least. "It is so like you, Milverton," he adds, "to have that simile in your mind. There is nothing you see in nature but you must instantly find a parallel for it in man." Certainly Milverton has a knack at making similes, and Ellesmere a zest for criticizing them when made. Nor is he particular who is the maker. Dunsford sententiously observes *à propos* of relaxed philanthropic efforts, that Custom soon melts off the wings which Novelty alone has lent to Benevolence. — "And down comes the charitable Icarus," quoth Ellesmere, — adding, from a critical point of view, "A very good simile, my dear Dunsford, but rather of the Latin verse order. I almost see it worked into an hexameter and pentameter, and delighting the heart of an Eton boy." Ellesmere *a raison*: Dunsford cannot compete with Milverton in this line of things.

Sometimes Milverton criticizes his own metaphors. As where, showing that all things are so connected together, that, in matters of study, a man who knows one subject well, cannot, if he would, fail to have acquired

much besides,—he continues: “And that man will not be likely to keep fewer pearls who has a string to put them on, than he who picks them up and throws them together without method.” This, however, he observes, is a very poor metaphor to represent the matter—for what he would aim at producing not merely holds together what is gained, but has vitality in itself, is always growing.

As the Friends in Council saunter together through the close lanes near Worth Ashton, Milverton compares a hedge they are passing, bedight with fern, and wild strawberry, and foxglove, to a picture of human life—beautiful and complete in its bold variety, whereas men would have one sturdy quickset of the same height and color—both in their fellow-men and in their hedges. “Now we are off upon our similitudes,” exclaims Ellesmere, in his best be-wigged and gowned “Sir, I object” manner. “I thought it soon would be so. My dear fellow, cannot you look at a bit of nature and enjoy it for yourself, without troubling yourself about resemblances, and bringing in men on all occasions?” Milverton replies, that he does not look out for resemblances: they at once occur to him. Within a few minutes of his learned friend’s rebuke, it is pleasant to find the learned friend himself, when arguing that there is more friendship at the little boy time of life than at any other, falling into metaphoric diction, and saying, “They are then evenly-formed creatures, like bricks, which can be laid close to one another. The grown-up man is like a fortress, angular-shaped, with a moat round it, standing alone.” Who is it that is now involved in metaphors? Lucy asks.

Ellesmere, again, is talking of the benefits of travelling, and affirms that Horace may say what he likes about care laying hold of the tow-rope of a steamer, or sitting behind the horseman like his master’s coat strapped round a groom; but a judicious traveller cuts the tow-rope or undoes the buckle, and care is obliged to drop off behind. “Very Horatian these similes!” is the classical Dunsford’s comment; for Dunsford’s turn to criticize has come: thus does the whirligig of time bring round his revenges. A certain familiar humor, as in this paraphrase of *post equitem sedet atra Cura*, distinguishes many of the similes introduced in these volumes.

There are perhaps as many of them quaint and homely, as graceful and refined. Those who grumble that everything in life is not turned out as neat as a Long-Acre carriage, are taught that Nature herself, with her vague and flowing ways, cannot at all fit in with a right-angled person, and that as there are other precise angular creatures, it is to be expected, in the collisions of society, that these sharp-edged persons should wound each other terribly. A man vexed by disproportionate care for little things, who accordingly finds many more causes of offence than other men, and each offence more bitter than others find it, is said to have “a garment embroidered with hooks, which catches at everything that passes by.” It is Dunsford’s opinion, in contempt of the booksellers’ puffing system, that good books, “if there are such things, should be sought after, and not poked in the faces of purchasers, like Jews’ penknives at coach doors.” People in authority, says Ellesmere, are as fearful of attacking any social evil, as men are of cutting down old trees about their houses—though he owns there is always something to be said for the old trees. (Milverton, by-the-by, cannot resist the temptation to *improve* the simile; and remarks, that it would be mostly better, though, to cut them down at once, and begin to plant something at the proper distance from their houses.) Virtuous people, who, having been carefully tended and carefully brought up, plume themselves on their virtue, are reminded, that the dainty vase which is kept under a glass case in a drawing-room should not be too proud of remaining without a flaw, considering its great advantages. Those who cherish the delusion that reading and writing alone will do for the education of the poor, that with the copy-book and rule of three their education may finish, are assured, that you might as well prepare for a liberal hospitality by a good apparatus for roasting and boiling, but never putting on any viands, so that the kitchen machinery went on grinding unceasingly, with no contentment to the appetites of the hungry. Compassionately regarding the fig-trees against the wall of an English garden, and feeling how disgusted they must be at the climate which needs such a position for them, Milverton muses, however, that the same thing is only what the greatest men have had to endure, to live in an uncongenial

clime, and to bring forth fruit with painful culture and under most adverse circumstances; "so you must not complain," he says, "though you are nailed up against the wall."

But of the space at our command, an inordinate measure has been bestowed on tropes and similitudes. As to the author's style in general, it is that of one "qui voudrait produire dans son style la tranquillité modeste et hardie de ses pensées." It has been remarked that, properly speaking, he has no formulæ that can be said to constitute a style: it "everywhere drops upon the subject like drapery, and shapes itself to it;" his thought being rather of what he is saying, than of how he is saying it—so that matter takes precedence of manner, and assimilates it to itself, *pro re natû*. "Hence he is as various

as his themes, and always new and peculiar." Sometimes he may be "crude and hard," occasionally a little difficult of construction (to very light infantry readers): but taking him for all in all, he justifies the panegyric that has been passed upon him—that he contrives, namely, to interest you in every thing he says: so that, whether you differ from him or agree with him, he equally interests and fascinates your attention. "It is like listening to a person speaking with one of those melodious voices that melt into your heart. You love to hear him speak even if you dissent from every word he utters." What a thing for the Essay, in its day of decline and cold obstruction, the rise and progress of such an Essay-writer as this!

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.—A document connected with a matter of some historic interest has just come into my hands, which, as it may not have been published, I copy for preservation in your pages:

"*Decimo Septimo die Februarii Ano 1616.*

"Received, the day and yeare above  
written, in part paymet of a greater  
som, for a certeyne tenemet wth the  
appurtenance lyinge in Micham, in the  
countye of Surrey, from Thomas Plum-  
mer, Esquire, the som of six hundred  
pounds of lawfull English monye - - } £vj.00.

"Witnes our hands,

"W. RALEGH.

E. RALEGH.

W. RALEGH."

The sale of this property of Lady Raleigh was made to enable Sir Walter to fit out his ship, the "Destiny," then preparing for the expedition to Oronoco. The gentleman to whom I am indebted for this interesting scrap remarks:

"The case no doubt is this: Raleigh exhausted his own personal means in fitting out his fleet, and then resorted to his wife's property. The Mitcham property was sold, and Lady Raleigh joined in the sale. The eldest son Walter, who felt, no doubt, as much interest as his father in the adventure, joined in the sale. The money was wanted, and an arrangement made for the sale to the Plummer family, and this money was obtained upon a simple receipt, leaving it to the lawyers employed to prepare at their leisure the

deed, and the fine and recovery necessary to vest the property legally in the purchaser."

The general similarity between the signatures of the father and son, both Walters, is striking; whilst Lady Raleigh (Elizabeth Throgmorton) seems to have imitated the handwriting of her mistress, Queen Elizabeth. — *Notes & Queries*.

EPITAPHS.—The following lines may be seen on a gravestone in the churchyard at Kinver, Staffordshire:

"Tired with wand'ring thro' a world of sin,  
Hither we came to *Nature's common Inn*,  
To rest our wearied bodys for a night,  
In hopes to rise that Christ may give us light."

A Leicestershire poet has recorded, in the churchyard of Melton Mowbray, a very different conception of our "*earthly Inn*." He says:

"*This world's an Inn*, and I her guest:  
I've eat and drank and took my rest  
With her awhile, and now I pay  
Her lavish bill, and go my way."

THAMES WATER.—I was the other day told by a person that he had drunk Thames water two thousand miles out at sea, which was as pure and "beautiful" as possible, but which, when they had left land, was as black and filthy as could be. He added that it did not taste like common water, but that there seemed to be a "solidity" about it. — *Notes and Queries*.

## THE GREAT EXPLOSION.

[It is worth while to preserve the very graphic account of this accident, which we copy from the correspondent of *The Times*. It is part of his letter dated Before Sebastopol, 20th Nov., 1855.]

I was riding from head-quarters, reading my letters, when the explosion took place, and had just reached the hill, or elevated part of the plateau, at the time, and happened to be looking in the very direction of the park. The phenomena were so startling that they took away one's breath. Neither pen nor pencil could describe them. The rush of fire, smoke, and iron attained a height I dare not estimate, in one great pillar, and then seemed to shoot out like a tree, which overshadowed half the camp on the right, and rained down missiles upon it. The color of the pillar was dark gray, flushed with red, but it was pitted all over with white puffs of smoke, which marked the explosions of the shells. It retained the shape of a fir tree for nearly a minute, and then the sides began to swell out and the overhanging canopy to expand and twist about in prodigious wreaths of smoke, which flew out to the right and left, and let drop, as it were from solution in its embrace, a precipitate of shells, carcasses, and iron projectiles. I clapped spurs to my horse and rode off as hard as I could towards the spot as soon as my ears had recovered the shock. The noise was horrible; and when the shells began to explode the din was like the opening crash of one of the great cannonades or bombardments of the siege. As I rode along I could see thousands hurrying away from the place, and thousands hastening to it. The smoke became black; the fire had caught the huts and tents. General Windham overtook me, riding from head-quarters as hard as he could go. He was ignorant of the cause and locality of the explosion, and was under the impression that it was one of the French redoubts. Sir Richard Airey followed close after him, and General Codrington dashed on towards the fire in a few minutes subsequently. On arriving within half a mile of the place I saw the ground torn up in all directions, the fragments of shell still smoking, and shell were bursting around in most unpleasant proximity. Captain Piggott, in a short time after the explosion, came up with the ambulances at a gallop, and urged the horses through the flames and amid the exploding shell in order to render assistance

to the sufferers; and in this arduous duty he was manfully and courageously assisted by Surgeons Alexander, Mouatt, and others. As we were all looking on at the raging fire, there was an alarm that the mill which was used as a powder magazine had caught fire, and there was a regular panic — horses and men tore like a storm through the camp of the Second Division, and I did not escape the contagion, but, at my servant's solicitation, mounted my horse, and rode off like the rest, till I came up to Colonel Percy Herbert, who was actively engaged in trying to get the men of his division under arms, but could find neither drummers, buglers, officers, nor sergeants. The panic was soon over. The mill did not catch, though the roof and doors and windows were blown in. The officers, in the most devoted way, stripped, and placed 300 wet blankets over the powder inside at a time when the flames were raging behind the mill and at the side of it 200 yards away. The rockets now began to fly about and to increase the alarm; but the wind, which had been rather high, abated towards evening, and the fire died out. While it lasted the effects were grand and terrible. Hundreds of rockets rushed hissing and bursting through the air at a time, sheets of flame flashed up from exploding gunpowder, carcasses glared out fiercely through black clouds of smoke, and shells burst, tossing high in air burning beams of wood and showers of sparks, and boxes of small arm ammunition exploded with a rattling report like musketry, and flew about in little balls of fire. The park was an enclosure about 100 yards long by 50 deep, surrounded by a stone wall, which separated it on one side from our right siege train. It contained immense quantities of *matériel*, and was filled with the huts of the officers who lived in it. There were three magazines in the place; they are now black craters, emitting a smell like Gehenna.

The manner in which this great disaster was caused is said to be this: — Some French artillerymen were engaged in shifting powder from case to case in the park, and, as the operation is rather dangerous, every care was taken to prevent accidents. The powder was poured from one case into the other through copper funnels, and no fire was allowed near the place where the men were so employed. As one of the soldiers was pouring the powder out of a case he perceived

a fragment of shell gliding out of it into the funnel, and, not wishing to let it get into the other case, he jerked the funnel to one side; the piece of shell fell on the stones, which were covered with loose powder, and is supposed to have struck fire in its fall, for the explosion took place at once. Miraculous as it may appear, this artilleryman, who was, as it were, in the focus of the explosion, escaped alive, and is only slightly burnt and scorched. His comrade who held the other case was blown to atoms. Another strange incident was the death of the commandant of the artillery for the day. He was in or near the park at the time of the explosion, and as soon as he had seen everything in order as far as possible, he went off to have a look at the French batteries in and about Sebastopol, on which the Russians had opened a heavy fire. As he rode along a cannon-shot struck off his head. Such is the story. The escapes that day were astounding. Clothes were torn off men's backs; the chairs or beds on which they sat, the tables at which they were eating, the earth where they stood, were broken and torn by shot, shell, rocket irons, shrapnel, grape, canister, and musket balls, which literally rained down upon them. It was fully two minutes ere the heavy volleys of bursting shell ceased, and then sullen explosions for an hour afterwards warned the spectators from the scene. Some of the balls and pieces of shrapnel, which must have been projected a prodigious height into the air, did not fall to the ground for a minute and a-half after the last of the explosions. For two minutes, which seemed as many hours, the terrible shower endured, and descended on the camp. The distance to which fragments flew exceeds belief. It is difficult to explain it by mere names of localities. One piece of shell flew over Cathcart's hill; another killed a horse in New Kadikoi. Some struck men and horses in the Guards' camp. One flew over my hut; another struck the ground close to it; another went into the camp of the Land Transport Corps behind it. Mrs. Seacole, who keeps a restaurant near the Col, avers that a piece of stone struck her door, which is three and a half or four miles from the park. In the

Land Transport Corps of the Light Division 14 horses were killed and 17 were wounded. Pieces struck and damaged the huts in New Kadikoi. Appalling as was the shock to those who were near, the effect was little diminished by distance. The roar and concussion were so great in Balaklava that the ships in harbor and outside at anchor trembled and quivered, and the houses shook to their foundations. The ships at Kamiesch and Kasatch reeled and rolled from side to side. Mules and horses seven and eight miles away broke loose, and galloped across the country wild with fright. The noise peeled through the passes at Baidar like the loudest thunder. In fact, the effect resembled some great convulsion of nature. Many thought it was an earthquake; others fancied it was the outburst of a volcano; others that the Russians had got hold of Lord Dundonald's invention, and that they had just given it a first trial. Indeed, one officer said to another, as soon as he recovered breath and could speak, "I say, that's a nice sort of thing, is it not? The sooner we go after that the better." He was persuaded the Russians had thrown some new and unheard-of instrument of destruction into the camp. The sense of hearing was quite deadened in many persons, and their nervous systems have not yet recovered the shock, so that any sudden noise startles them. The French had six officers killed and 13 officers wounded; 65 of their men, mostly of the artillery, were killed, and 170 men were wounded, of whom many will never recover. The destruction in money value of articles appertaining to the siege train was very great, and if the cost of the import of fresh articles be added, the sum will be considerable. But when we come to men — to those gallant fellows who survived the battles and the dangers of the campaign — we feel our loss is irreparable. What value can be placed on those noble artillerymen of the siege train, who, with little praise or encouragement, have stood by their guns in so many bombardments, and who had acquired skill, practice and hardihood in the greatest siege the world ever saw!

Part of an Article on the Plymouth Collection, in the N. Y. Independent.

## HYMNS.

THE work required to compile a large collection of hymns no one will ever know until he has had it to perform. And the longer a man labors, the less satisfied is he apt to be with the results. If we had known, at the beginning, the task which we imposed upon ourselves in attempting the Plymouth Collection, we should have been far less eager than we were. The first year or two of our work we felt only the glow and pleasure of discovery and acquisition. But when, by our very working, we were educated into clearer conceptions of what a hymn should be, and what a hymn-book, the work to be done augmented before us, and our own accomplishment grew insignificant. And, often, but for the joy given us by such company of hymns, but for their communion and sweet voices, that at times rose up about us as if the sainted dead had come back again, and were voicing the truth of heaven in our ears, we would have relinquished the endeavor.

The ground to be gone over in searching English hymnology is immense. The old collections, the partial contributions of single authors, the modern effusions, which have been numerous, need to be narrowly examined. The work is complicated by the almost wanton liberty which compilers have taken with hymns; so that, with the exception of a few artistically perfect hymns, which even hymn compilers dare not mutilate, it may almost be said that there are as many versions of hymns as there have been collections. One is liable, at every step, to be betrayed into diluted forms of hymns instead of that in which they were conceived.

The discovery of a statue, a vase, or even of a cameo, inspires art-critics and collectors with enthusiastic industry, to search whether it be a copy or an original, of what age, and by what artist. But I think that a heart-hymn, sprung from the soul's deepest life, and which is, as it were, the words of the heart in those hours of transfiguration in which it beholds God and heavenly angels, is nobler by far than any old simulacrum, or carved ring, or heathen head, however exquisite in lines and feature! To trace back a hymn to its source, to return upon the path along which it has trodden on its mission of mercy through generations, to witness its changes, its obscurations and reappearances, is a work of the truest religious enthusiasm, and far surpasses in importance the tracing of the ideas of mere art. For hymns are the exponents of the inmost piety of the Church. They are crystalline tears, or blossoms of joy, or holy prayers, or incarnated raptures.

They are the jewels which the Church has worn; the pearls, the diamonds and precious stones, formed into amulets more potent against sorrow and sadness than the most famous charms of wizard or magician. And he who knows the way that hymns flowed, knows where the blood of piety ran, and can trace its veins and arteries to the very heart.

No other composition is like an experimental hymn. It is not a mere poetic impulse. It is not a thought, a fancy, a feeling threaded upon words. It is the voice of experience speaking from the soul a few words that condense and often represent a whole life. It is the life, too, not of the natural feelings growing wild, but of regenerated feeling, inspired by God to a heavenly destiny, and making its way through troubles and hindrances, through joys and victories, dark or light, sad or serene, yet always struggling forward. Forty years the heart may have been in battle, and one verse shall express the fruit of the whole. One great hope may come to fruit only at the end of many years, and as the ripening of a hundred experiences. As there be flowers that drink up the dews of spring and summer, and feed upon all the rains, and only just before the winter comes burst forth into bloom, so is it with some of the noblest blossoms of the soul. The bolt that prostrated Saul gave him the exceeding brightness of Christ; and so some hymns could never have been written but for a heart-stroke that well-nigh crushed out the life. It is cleft in two by bereavement, and out of the rift comes forth, as by resurrection, the form and voice that shall never die out of the world. Angels sat at the grave's mouth; and so hymns are the angels that rise up out of our griefs, and darkness, and dismay.

Thus born, a hymn is one of those silent ministers which God sends to those who are to be heirs of salvation. It enters into the tender imagination of childhood, and casts down upon the chambers of its thought a holy radiance which shall never quite depart. It goes with the Christian, singing to him all the way, as if it were the airy voice of some guardian spirit. When darkness of trouble, settling fast, is shutting out every star, a hymn bursts through and brings light like a torch. It abides by our side in sickness. It goes forth with us in joy to syllable that joy.

And thus, after a time, we clothe a hymn with the memories and associations of our own life. It is garlanded with flowers which grew in our hearts. Born of the experience of one mind, it becomes the unconscious record of many minds. We sang it perhaps the morning that our child died. We sang this one on that Sabbath evening when, after ten years, the family were once more all

together. There be hymns that were sung while the mother lay a-dying; that were sung when the child, just converted, was filling the family with the joy of Christ newborn, and laid, not now in a manger, but in a heart. And, thus sprung from a wondrous life, they lead a life yet more wonderful. When they first come to us, they are like the single strokes of a bell ringing down to us from above; but, at length, a single hymn becomes a whole chime of bells, mingling and discoursing to us the harmonies of a life's Christian experience.

And oftentimes, when in the mountain country, far from noise and interruption, we wrought upon these hymns for our vacation tasks, we almost forgot the living world, and were lifted up by noble lyrics as upon mighty wings, and went back to the days when Christ sang with his disciples, when the disciples sang too, as in our churches they have almost ceased to do. O! but for one moment even, to have sat transfixed, and to have listened to the hymn that Christ sang and to the singing! But the olive-trees did not hear his murmured notes more clearly than, rapt in imagination, we have heard them!

There, too, are the hymns of St. Ambrose and many others, that rose up like birds in the early centuries, and have come flying and singing all the way down to us. Their wing is untired yet, nor is the voice less sweet now than it was a thousand years ago. Though they sometimes disappeared, they never sank; but, as engineers for destruction send bombs that, rising high up in wide curves, overleap great spaces and drop down in a distant spot, so God, in times of darkness, seems to have caught up these hymns, spanning long periods of time, and letting them fall at distant eras, not for explosion and wounding, but for healing and consolation.

There are crusaders' hymns, that rolled forth their truths upon the oriental air, while a thousand horses' hoofs kept time

below, and ten thousand palm-leaves whispered and kept time above! Other hymns, fulfilling the promise of God that his saints should mount up with wings as eagles, have borne up the sorrows, the desires, and the aspirations of the poor, the oppressed, and the persecuted, of Huguenots, of Covenanters, and of Puritans, and winged them to the bosom of God.

In our own time, and in the familiar experiences of daily life, how are hymns mossed over and vine-clad with domestic associations!

One hymn hath opened the morning in ten thousand families, and dear children with sweet voices have charmed the evening in a thousand places with the utterance of another. Nor do I know of any steps now left on earth by which one may so soon rise above trouble or weariness as the verses of a hymn and the notes of a tune. And if the angels that Jacob saw sang when they appeared, then I know that the ladder which he beheld was but the scale of divine music let down from heaven to earth.

It is impossible that one, in this spirit, and with unfeigned love for his work, should attempt a collection of hymns large enough for the wants of the family, the social meeting, and the public congregation of the church, and representing every phase of personal experience or religious want, without a more thorough conviction of its imperfections than any other one could have. And when to the inherent difficulties of a hymn collection were added the even greater difficulty of combining with them a sufficient body of tunes for congregational uses, difficulties not only of selection and adaptation, but mechanical difficulties in mating and placing, page by page, the materials required, no more, no less; subjecting the whole body of hymns and tunes to the necessities of space measurement, the obstacles were increased a thousand fold.

"GOOD WINE NEEDS NO BUSH."—This proverb has reference to the practice which formerly prevailed of hanging a tuft of ivy at the door of a vintner, as we learn from—

"Now a days the good wyne needeth none ivye garland." Ritson, in a note on the epilogue to Shakspeare's *As You Like It*, speaks of the custom as then prevalent in Warwickshire, and as having given the name to the well-known Bush Inn at Bristol.

PRONUNCIATION OF BIBLE NAMES.—The clerk of a retired parish in North-west Devon, who had to read the first lesson always, used to make a hash of Shadrac, Meshac, and Abelnego; and as the names are twelve times repeated in the third chapter of Daniel, after getting through them the first time, he called them "the aforesaid gentlemen" afterwards.—*Notes and Queries.*

From the New York Times, 11 Dec.

### THE UNDER-STRATA OF NEW YORK.

If any one has watched the testimony in the trial of Baker, now going on, he will be most of all surprised at the revelations it makes of City-life below the surface. We had all known, of course, that there were sharpers and rowdies and criminal characters enough among us; still, few had realized the existence of such organized and professional bands of desperadoes. But they come one after another to the witness-stand, or they speak of companions, and business, and scenes, in such a way as to show that down in the depths of society there is a class where to cheat, to gamble, to bully, to fight, is as much a regular *profession* as in the upper strata to cure, or to plead, or to do honest labor. What are they — these men — that for a little while come forth from their haunts and dens, and stand up in full day before New York? How do they live? What do they do to earn their genteel clothes, their continual pleasures, and their host of followers? What is our lower class made up of?

These men are like the athletes and prize-fighters and freed slaves who composed the lowest population of Rome in classic days, whose characters, with their deep lines of villany, yet stand out under the strong touch of Cicero's pen. He warned his countrymen of them then, as moralists do of these now. And the censors, who lived amid a corrupt race, only ceased to warn when these desperadoes had overturned society and seized the Government itself. These men in New York are the brawlers, fighters, and "pugilists," — for we are told by one witness that there is a great distinction between the two latter. They train themselves to batter each other at a few dollars a head; they lead the rows and brawls at elections and on race-courses; they go armed each night with revolvers and knives, and when the devil of liquor is in them, they commit the murders and the brutal acts of violence which stain our city's Police record. Almost every one of them is marked by these hideous quarrels; — his nose broken, or his ear bitten off, or his body marred by the scars of bullet or knife-gash. They are gamblers; — they throw the dice, or shuffle the cards, or push the billiard-ball, the whole night long. They cheat as well as stake, and live on the pickings of young gentlemen of means who fall into their vulturous claws. The gas-light is the day-light for them; rooms hot and reeking with the smell of debauch their natural atmosphere. They take no note of time — as one witness apologetically explained with regard to his memory of dates — for their day is in the

night; and they are wild in riot or plunder, when other men sleep. Their hands are stained with blood, and their pockets lined with the gold of the innocent. They are pimps and seducers. The houses of crime send them out to the simple-hearted and unwary in city and country, to fill the ranks of the wretched and debauched. Still their own lives are black with acts of lust and treachery, wrought on those who trusted them. They know the windings of crime in the various countries; the gambling tricks of California, the skill of the burglar and thief of London, the quick evasion of the Police in Paris, and the ready use of knife and pistol in America. They have the slang language of the flash men. They belong to the great community of desperadoes, who abound wherever English is spoken. Of course, as with all men, there are good qualities among them: instances of honor and generosity, and of a courage which wounds and death do not shake. But, generally speaking, their lives are hideous — stained with crimes, animal, brutal, selfish, and debauched. They rob, gamble, and cheat; they fight and brawl and murder; they live in the dark; they debauch and brutify themselves; they trap the unwary, and ruin the pure and innocent; they are the hired bullies of electioneers, the *claqueurs* at primary meetings; they live on plunder and rapine and robbery.

Such are the men who form the foundation of society in New York; whose existence is hardly known till a case like this of such horrible bloodshed and violence calls them out of their holes to the daylight! Yet the Police know these men. Every one, — name and history, — we doubt not, is familiar to the Police records. Their haunts, their business, even the dark suspicion of their crimes, are perfectly open to the guardians of our public order. Our politicians can tell you by name each leader in the desperate gang. Thousands and thousands of dollars have gone from the pockets of our wealthy party-leaders to the hands of such desperadoes. During some years these villains have almost lived on the gold of rich office-seekers, and of moral, perhaps religious, merchants, who gave blindly to support their candidate. Thank Heaven! that is for the present over. If the Know-Nothings do nothing better, they will receive the thanks of posterity for having at least broken up the system of employing foreign and native bullies in our elections. For the last few years, the abandoned characters who live at the bottom of New York seem to have frightfully increased. Poole's murder served to show people first what a numerous and terrible class of worthless men lay hidden here.

What should be done? Sometimes, as

each day brings out some new evidence of our social corruption, some new connivance of judges with criminals, some fresh act of incredible villany in high places, some new fraud or peculation or robbery among the governors of society, or some new, astounding crime among the depraved and ignorant classes, and as one remembers that these things, which usually mark an old decaying civilization, belong to our youth, one is ready to say in despair, "Our society is hopelessly rotten." But it is not so. It is true, the vices and extravagances of wealth and the crimes of the Old World have centered here, till the city needs from pulpit and press a continual censor, who, like Cato, shall thunder against the hollowness and corruption and dishonesty and licentiousness which rule—who shall even cast off innocent pleasures, to show, as did the Puritans, the grand stern obligation of duty and morality. It is true, these villains and rowdies swarm—but like vermin, it is in the night. Thus far, they dare not appear in open day. Public opinion is not yet debauched enough to allow them.

They are by name and profession the scum and outcasts of the world. The great current of the middle classes is as New England first set it—towards morality and religion. We have good schools, libraries, churches—inducements to virtue and goodness without number. Corruption has not yet eaten out the heart of the great mass of our people. The national conscience still rejects with loathing, peculation and debauchery and vice. The great evil is the *laziness* of the good. If our moral community only would arise, take the reins of government and the direction of society into their own hands, even for a little while; oust rowdies

from offices and arraign unjust judges; put honest and faithful policemen into the posts of many, who are only accomplices of rascals and vagabonds; if they would but show their hands, we should see how little real power these desperate, vicious classes have. Of course, in the worst city, the lovers of order, the virtuous and good, immensely preponderate over the wicked and vile. Society would fall to pieces, if it were not so. In New York, we have the advantage of a continual importation of vigorous, moral young men from New England and the country, who soon in their turn become the leaders of business and social life.

The rub is, that our better people will not take the trouble to reform our evils. The rowdies and speculators have their own way, because no one cares enough or knows enough about the matter to interfere. The great conservators of society—the preachers and the press—must awaken now to our dangers. The grand principles of duty, the instinct of self-preservation, the sentiment of religion must be appealed to, to guard society from these increasing evils.

There must be a sterner, purer morality, applicable to every branch of practical life, and no longer a mere technical abstraction, preached from the desk. The press must fearlessly root out and expose every evil, and, against whatever obloquy, speak always for the just and moral and true. Men of uprightness must not fear to soil their hands in domestic politics, but firmly do their part in cleansing this Augean stable of filth and iniquity. We *must* lay our hands to this, or the desperadoes will finally overturn and debauch society here, as they did in Rome. Let every lover of public morality and well-being take the matter seriously to heart.

A SPANISH PLAY-BILL, EXHIBITED AT SEVILLE, 1762.—"To the Sovereign of Heaven—to the Mother of the Eternal World—to the Polar Star of Spain—to the Comforter of all Spain—to the faithful Protectress of the Spanish Nation—to the Honour and Glory of the Most Holy Virgin Mary—for her benefit, and for the Propagation of her Worship—the company of comedians will this day give a representation of the Comic Piece called—

"NANINE.

"The celebrated Italian will also dance the Fandango, and the Theatre will be respectably illuminated."

WATCH-PAPER INSCRIPTION. — Akin to dial inscriptions are inscriptions on watch-papers

used in the days of our grandfathers, in the outer case of the corpulent watch now-a-days seldom seen. I send you the following one, which I read many years since; but, as I did not copy the lines, I cannot vouch for their being strictly accurate:

"Onward perpetually moving,

These faithful hands are ever proving

How quick the hours fly by;

This monitory pulse-like beating

Seems constantly, methinks, repeating,

Swift! Swift! the moments fly.

Reader, be ready—for perhaps before

These hands have made one revolution more,

Life's spring is snapt—you die!"

—Notes and Queries.

From The Saturday Review.

OLD FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

WE desire to bring a simple and important subject before our readers, and we have therefore adopted a title readily expressive of our meaning, instead of repelling them by the announcement of a thesis *On the Allotropic Condition of Matter*. By this formidable phrase, chemists designate the different forms of the same things when they possess unlike properties. A body may have been known to you all your life; it may be as familiar as the air you breathe; you drink it, eat it, or walk on it, from boyhood to manhood; and yet some day a chemist enters into his laboratory and transforms the identical object into something you have never seen before. It is now quite altered in shape, color, taste, and properties, although the original composition remains unchanged. This is the extraordinary part of the subject, and the idea must be fixed in the mind before proceeding. There is no cooking of the familiar thing, no adulteration, no addition or subtraction of any ingredient; but the character of the body becomes masked by the acquisition of new properties — the old friend simply gets a new face by the application of some of those necromantic processes which chemists are wont to employ. We intend to show what they have lately been doing in this way, for new faces are being put on so fast to many of our old friends, that a man may soon lose all the knowledge which he thinks he possesses in regard to any one object in nature.

We will suppose, for instance, that we possess a tolerable acquaintance with the air around us. This air, as every one knows, is made up of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, both of them colorless, tasteless, and easily breathed, certainly without unpleasant, and rather with invigorating, sensations. The nitrogen is a passive sort of body, but the oxygen is endowed with a certain range of likings, enabling it to make fire burn, keep up animal heat, and nourish plants without affecting their colors. With these mild and amiable qualities, one would have thought the chemists might have left it alone. But recently they have tortured it in such a barbarous fashion that it has been compelled to wear two new faces, with two characters corresponding to them; and the new aspects which the element has assumed under the torture have been so startling that the savans themselves had great difficulty in believing they were still in communion with their old friend. One of the methods used in the transformation was to force the oxygen to leave the nitrogen with which it keeps company in air, and to unite with the earth barytes. Not much liking this last alliance,

the oxygen escapes back to the air the instant the attention of the barytes is given to anything else; as, for instance, if an acid be introduced to its society. But the oxygen which returns to the air is now no longer the mild and agreeable element it formerly was. It tastes strongly like a lobster; it produces powerful suffocating sensations when breathed, rusts metals, and destroys vegetable colors. The second new face is given to oxygen by exposing it to rude shocks of electricity, as Professor Andrews, of Belfast, has lately been doing. It now acquires the peculiar and disagreeable smell perceived in working an electrical machine — exactly like the foetid odor acquired by the hand when the yellow flowers of the *eschscholtzia* are pressed in it. The oxygen in this state, instead of exhibiting its old mild likings for other bodies, now shows the most rabid desire to attack them; or, as chemists would say, its affinities are much exalted. After all, it is possible that the lobster-tasting and badly-smelling gas may ultimately prove to be oxygen with the same face, only a little differently twisted by the kind of torture used; but for the present their characters are distinct. The ordinary ingredient of air is thus known to us with three different faces. The chemists may enjoy it under the two new characters — we are content to preserve our acquaintance with the old one.

Clay is the next object to which we could direct attention. The basis of clay is alumina, united with silica or flinty matter. Every one knows what clay is, and in its pure unmixed state it is highly intractable. Very obstinate it is in our farms, holding water fast, and requiring thorough drainage to make anything of it. But a Glasgow chemist, Mr. Walter Crum, has lately taken it into his head to make the basis of clay, the alumina, soluble in water like sugar. If Nature took the fancy to play the necromancer like Mr. Crum, what a mess the world would be in! Our farms would run away into the drains, and our brick houses be washed into the sea. The following is the recipe for giving our familiar friend clay his new face: — Dissolve clay, or rather pure alumina, in vinegar; boil off the latter, and the former remains; but, instead of being intractable to water, it now melts like sugar. Another chemist, Saint Claire Deville, of Paris, has been working at clay also, and has got out of it something worth having, although it is one of the double-faced tribe which we are describing. The general public may not have known, though scientific men did, that there is a metal in alumina; in fact, alumina consists of this metal, aluminium, and the oxygen of air. Previously to this last discovery, if a savant had been

asked what the metal was like, he would probably have said that he had never seen it, but that a German chemist had described it as a black powder, difficult to make, but, when made, decomposing water, dissolving in acids, and burning in air so as to become alumina. The French chemist presents this metal with a new face, strong, white, and lustrous like silver, not rusting in air, and refusing to be attacked by most of the acids. It allows itself to be beaten into plates, rolled into leaves, or drawn out into wires, and has the singular property of being no heavier than glass. A wondrously valuable body this would be to add to our limited stock of useful metals; and clay, the raw material for producing it, is cheap enough all over the world. Unfortunately, the processes for making it are expensive. Aluminium is united with chlorine; and the metal sodium (the basis of soda) is used to drag away the chlorine from it, and then it remains with the valuable characters just described. At present its price is about £40 sterling for a pound weight; but it is soon expected to be sold for half that sum. Until it is as cheap as silver, it will receive few practical applications; but then it will, for, being much lighter, the same weight will go over a far larger surface. Manufacturers should not rest till they find means to render it as cheap as copper. Clay may thus be expected in the end to give a fair substitute for silver; and the world has just been startled by being told that the new metal calcium, the basis of common lime, is yellow like gold. It would be indeed singular to find a substitute for silver in common clay, and for gold in ordinary limestone. But calcium with its present properties is useless; for it rusts in air and decomposes water. No doubt chemists will shortly give it a second face, and the discovery would be so important that mankind would forgive them for their alarming tricks upon the air we breathe. But, to do the chemists justice, many of the new faces put upon old objects endow them with more valuable properties than they had before.

Let us refer to phosphorus as an instance of this. The ordinary nature of phosphorus is known. It is a half-transparent body like wax. The heat of the hand or simple friction is sufficient to ignite it, and then it burns fiercely, producing a malignant wound. It must always be preserved under water from its dangerous qualities, and, even with this precaution, is so hazardous that manufacturers using it are not insurable. The chief use of phosphorus in the arts is to make lucifer matches. The makers of matches in other countries, but luckily not in England, from the better ventilation of our workshops, are subject to a dreadful disease which ultimately attacks the jaw-bones, and produces

frightful deformity, if not death. There, then, was a capital case for the chemists. If it were possible to put a new face on phosphorus, so as to give it an innocent instead of a dangerous character, a grand practical triumph to science would be attained. This has, in fact, been effected by exposing phosphorus to the prolonged action of heat. Under its influence, the white transparent body becomes opaque and of a brick-red color. It now no longer inflames by the heat of the hand or by friction. It does not require to be kept under water, but may be transported from one place to another in barrels. Formerly highly poisonous, it has now become quite innocuous. It may still, however, be used with proper mixture for making lucifer matches, so that the main property for which phosphorus is useful in the arts has not been lost by the transformation.

The discovery of this red-brick looking phosphorus is likely, however, to cause a revolution in the art of making lucifers. These are at all times dangerous inmates of a house. If they are dropped on the floor, trampling upon them may produce ignition. Left near the fire, they may inflame spontaneously. If lucifer matches could be made so as to require, for setting them on fire, a condition which could not happen accidentally, a great security would be attained. In the French Exhibition, there is exhibited a small box of lucifers which may in time alter the whole manufacture. The brick-red phosphorus in this case is not put on the match itself, as has always hitherto been done, but is added to the emery and placed on the sand-paper or rough surface used to produce the friction. The matches in the box are not in fact lucifers, until they have taken up a little of the red phosphorus by being rubbed across the rough surface of the box, when they instantly ignite; but as this condition cannot occur except by design, the invention gives to the use of lucifers a safety which has long been desired, but never previously been attained.

One more illustration will suffice. The illuminating principle of coal gas is termed olefant gas by chemists. Even in the gaseous state, olefant gas has two distinct faces and characters, and the same body assumes both a liquid and a solid form. When coal is distilled, if the heat be kept low enough, the illuminating principle of coal gas passes over as a white solid, like wax; at a higher heat, it comes over in the form of an oil; and at a more elevated temperature still, it assumes the usual condition of olefant gas. Now this body, in all its three states, is already useful to industry. In the gaseous state, it illuminates coal gas; in the oily condition, it lubricates machinery; and in the solid state it is now employed for skin diseases,

but ere long will be used more extensively for making beautiful white candles from black coal.

Sufficient instances have now been cited to point to the commencement of a great era in chemical science. It is impossible to put a limit to these transformations. The few which have already been studied have enriched industry with old bodies endowed with new and useful properties. As regards the science of chemistry, the very fact that, under a slight variation of conditions, the same body can assume the most dissimilar characters, naturally raises in the minds of chemists the doubt whether it is likely that there really are so many distinct elementary substances

in nature as the science now teaches. We call the body "allotropic" when we can transform its two distinct forms one into the other. May not some of the separate elements be mere allotropic modifications in which the power of re-conversion has not been realized? But, in every point of view, the recent researches of chemists into the allotropic conditions of matter are of vast importance for the future of science and for the advancement of industry; and we have attempted, therefore, to introduce our readers to a subject which can only be uninteresting when treated in a technical manner, and obscured by the learned terms used by chemical philosophers.

**MONTESQUIEU.** — Montesquieu presents a rare instance of the union of close application to study, with freedom from its wonted penalties, in the shape of physical lets and hindrances. The bookish man is too often a "poor creature," irritable, sensitive, thin-skinned, over-susceptible to unkind skyey influences and social vexations. Montesquieu passed an unruffled life, easy of temper, serene of soul. He was blest with the *mens sana in corpore sano*; he would sleep the whole night long without waking; in the morning he would rise with elastic frame and joyous spirit, keenly appreciating what the Preacher, the son of David, once said: "Truly, the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Him, tranquil scholar, unlike brain-stricken scholars so very many, the sun he thus welcomed smote not by day, neither the moon by night. "The whole of the day," he tells us, between rising thus refreshed to renew his course and retiring for another secure lease of sleep, "the whole of the rest of the day I am in a state of placid enjoyment." When it was bed-time again, instead of being occupied as nineteen hard thinkers out of twenty would be by cogitations, retrospections, ruminations on the past day's subjects of inquiry he "dropped off" like a three-year-old, and so he realized, three hundred and sixty-five nights a year, the gnomic verse,

*Υπνος παύει με σωματός σιτηρία.*

Unintelligible to him would have been Coleridge's Pains of Sleep. "I sleep at night without waking," he says; "and in the evening, before I close my eyelids, a sort of delicious trance prevents me from making reflections." Alison attributes part of this exceptional felicity to unbroken domestic happiness, Montesquieu's rank being high, his situation distinguished, his fortune large, his reputation established, his marriage happy, his children affectionate; a greater part to the mental serenity which springs from the contemplation of abstract truth, and the pleasures of intelligent study; but the chief part to the inward satisfaction derived from the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the assurance with which he could lay to his soul the flattering unction, *exegi monumentum ære perennius*. This man who with such effect

— the majesty proclaimed  
Of Institutes and Laws, hallowed by time;  
Declared the vital power of social ties  
Endeared by custom—(WORDSWORTH: *Prelude*.)

and spent hours by myriads in the dryadust stores of legal *principia*, and the drier-than-dust heaps of legal technicalities, could yet say honestly, as he did say frequently, that never had he felt a chagrin which an hour's reading did not dissipate. A blue book is apt to be the occasion, with him it would suffice as a cure, for blue devils. Another, and greater, historian of Rome's decline and fall, our English Gibbon, alluding to his own "early and unconquerable love of reading," declares that he "would not part with it for the treasures of India." Montesquieu and Gibbon, indeed, exhibit numerous points of resemblance, apart from their literary achievements, in the "leading questions" of hard-working youth, renowned manhood, and calm contented age. Each of them delighted in seclusion, and made the most of it. "Le monde," Villemain observes, "est admirable pour signifier l'esprit, pour donner l'esprit; mais l'inspiration durable, le génie veut la solitude." The salons of the 18th century, *salons si raisonnés et si ingénieux*, were avoided by minds which felt the originality, the *αυταρξία* of their powers, and were anxious to preserve, ambitious to improve it. Villemain refers, in illustration, to Buffon, who indeed at one time gave play to the social instincts of youthful blood, but who, as soon as desire of literary fame had mastered him, restricted himself to the gardens and cloistered calm of Montbar; and, again, to Montesquieu himself, who, though "si brillant d'esprit et de saillies, se retirait au loin pour écrire, et passait des années entières dans ses bois et ses vignes de la Brède." Charles de la Brède, Baron of Montesquieu, found "this life more sweet than that of painted pomp," and if, a Frenchman, and man of the world *au fond*, he sometimes sighed for town and ton, there was compensation in the thought

— Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?

— Bentley's *Miscellany*.

## CAPTURE OF WHALES IN WESTMANN'S-HAVN BAY, FAROE ISLANDS.

It was a most curious sight, and the scenery was well calculated to set it off to advantage. The bay is about three miles long, by three-quarters of a mile broad, and surrounded by steep rugged mountains, which looked particularly gloomy in the sombre twilight. Between the whales and the outlet to the sea, fully sixty boats were collected together, with crews of six or eight men each, who were lying lazily on their oars; while about a hundred natives on either side were employed in dragging a net of ropes, some 500 yards long, across the entrance. This net is only used in Westmannshavn, where there are no sloping shallows upon which to drive the whales; it is, of course, not intended to catch them in, for no net could be made sufficiently strong; but it is supposed to retard their escape when they attempt to get out to sea. The boats were the ordinary ones in common use; the only difference observable in them being, that they had now lances stuck upright, like masts, at the stem and stern, and attached to the benches by several fathoms of rope.

More boats came dropping in for some time after our arrival, until at eleven o'clock we counted the number up to 90; so that, including the men on shore, not fewer than 800 must have been present—all of them dressed in the rusty-brown jackets and black knee-breeches of the country, with as much uniformity as a regiment of soldiers. The net was drawn further and further up the bay, great care being taken to avoid frightening the whales, which swam quietly before it, or rolled about at their ease, evidently quite unconscious of danger.

When matters seemed approaching to a crisis, our party separated. Each of us got into a boat, and stood in the bows with a lance in our hands ready for action, and the fray commenced. Half of the boats remained outside the net to support the buoys; and the remainder, about 50 in number, including ours, closed round their prey, and drove them, by shouting and throwing, towards the shore, the animals tamely submitting until they got close to it. They then turned, evidently in great alarm, and bore down upon us, looking most formidable, and surrounded by a great wave, which their impetus carried with them. Not knowing how the boats would behave, we tyros awaited the change with no small misgivings, under an assumed air of great calmness. The natives, on the other hand, became frantic with excitement, yelling like maniacs, splashing the water with their spears, and seeming about to throw themselves into it in their intense desire to head them back. All their efforts, however, were to no purpose. The whole herd broke through our ranks, though they were severely speared in passing. Many of the boats were lifted half out of the water in the collisions; while the cries of the boatmen, mingling with the loud blowing of the whales, made a wild and not inappropriate chorus, which rang through the

surrounding hills. When clear of us, the animals continued their career at the same rapid pace, and came in contact with the net, which they carried back, as well as all the line of boats supporting it, several yards; and in a few seconds escaped, either under or through it, leaving a few of their number entangled in its folds lashing the water up twenty and thirty feet high, in their desperate struggles to disengage themselves. In the end, they all got away, and swam half a mile out towards the sea, when they dived under the water, and remained nearly a minute out of sight. We then pulled after them as fast as we could. The scene resembled an enormous regatta, with a herd of whales as the turning-buoy; and by dint of stones and shouts, they were headed back, again speared, and again broke through all the barriers opposed to them.

This operation was repeated three times. At last, much wounded and harassed, they were forced into a narrower part of the bay. All their enemies pressed around them at once; and the animals, either wild with fear or completely bewildered as to the direction of the sea, dashed towards the shore, carrying many of the boats with them in the rush. On a flatter beach, they would all at once have been stranded; but this was so steep and rocky, that after two or three minutes *mélée*, during which the boats and whales were all mixed up together in one fighting, struggling wave, only one-third of them were killed, and the remainder reached deep water again. The real sport was, however, over, and what followed was merely a sickening, though useful, piece of butchery, in which we took no part. Those which were not taken, having lost their leader, never reunited, but rolled, groaning in the bay, quite blinded in their own blood, and thus fell victims in detail to their pursuers. When a whale is sufficiently wounded and exhausted to be manageable, a boat is run alongside, and one of the men strikes a hook into the blubber, attached to a strong rope, by means of which the rest of the crew hold their boat fast to it, while a knife, stuck deep in behind the head, soon terminates its sufferings. Others, on shore, hook and despatch the whales which get aground in the same manner. After the herd was completely broken up and separated, we landed, and, from a commanding cliff, viewed with advantage the strange spectacle below. The bay was, without exaggeration, red with blood: some boats were towing dead whales on shore, others were spearing the few remaining lively ones; while all round the beach, men, up to their necks in the water, were actively engaged in the great work of slaughter. Occasionally the boatmen would hook one more lively than they supposed it to be, which would tow their boat rapidly about, or break away from them, or lie lashing up clouds of water in its agony. Not a single fish escaped. The few that had an opportunity of doing so, returned in search of their leader, and shared the fate of their companions; and in two hours from the commencement, the whole 212 were destroyed. — *Cruise of the Yacht Maria, 1854.*

From *Tait's Magazine*.

## MARY SUTHERLAND.

## CHAPTER I.

A GROUP of young girls, with their fresh faces untouched as yet by sorrow or anxiety, is a very pleasant sight, as any would have said who had gazed in at the fire-lit windows of a certain house in Brighton, on a certain frosty December night.

The room was spacious, and little encumbered with furniture, yet warm and cosy-looking — the more so, perhaps, from an air of careless freedom unlike that which usually reigned over the long tables, the interminable rows of chairs, and the well-filled bookshelves. The firelight glanced faintly on the worn bindings of grammar and dictionary, on a pile of slates with ink-stained frames close by, and on a pair of globes, for the nonce encased in stately night-caps of green baize. But on the faces around the hearth it shone and sparkled, as if rejoiced to find something akin to its own restless vivacity.

A very fair study for thinker, poet, or painter, was that fireside group. There was the chubby little one, with her golden hair and mottled arms; there was the bright-faced girl, brimming over with mischievous glee; and by her side, her spirit somewhat chastened by dawning womanhood, the maiden, whose soft, shy eyes were gazing into the fire. Then there was the English teacher, scarcely more than a girl herself, and so full of pleasant home-thoughts, that not even the mountain of unmended stockings before her could call up a frown. Lastly, there was the Frenchwoman, with her shining, braided hair and trim dress, whose shrill voice for once was hushed in anticipation of leaving "*ce pays où on est toujours si triste.*"

The greater number of girls were gathered around one whose destiny certainly was to inspire affection in almost all who crossed her path, although her personal attractions were by no means striking. She had indeed the charm of a sweet voice and a winning manner, but her face, possessing little actual beauty, was thrown into the shade by some that surrounded it — two or three of the prettiest of Miss Hartley's pupils being gathered, as usual, about Mary Sutherland. It was strange to see how irresistibly she was attracted by every phase of external beauty, and how instinctively she appreciated its

slightest detail. Another trait in her character might be traced in her position at that moment. One little child sat on her knees, a second nestled at her feet, and wherever she might be, if children were present, it was thus; she so thoroughly loved the little creatures. One could see that the holy instincts of motherhood were there warm and strong, rooted in the depths of her nature.

Though the friend and champion of the young ones, it was evident that Mary was a general favorite, from the tenor of the gay chatter with which the room resounded.

"Only half an hour before we dress," said one, as the clock on the mantel-piece chimed six. "Mary, dear, whose hair shall you do first? I think you promised me, did n't you?"

"No, no; it was I she promised," echoed another voice, "was n't it, Mary?"

"I promised both," answered she; "but I think Amy's was to be the first." As she spoke, a small, waxen-looking hand stole round her throat, and Amy Laurence's face rested on her shoulder. The features were exquisitely cut, and there was a graceful languor about the lithe figure and in the dark eyes, which, with the exceeding lustre and softness of the hair, bespoke her Eastern lineage. The ungenial European climate, and the early separation from her nearest kin, had given the girl a certain subdued expression, as though both thought and feeling, which, under other circumstances, might have expanded into exuberant growth, were habitually repressed. There was an ungirlish dejection in her voice even now, as she answered —

"Never mind me, dear. Except that Aleck is vexed when I don't look nice, I would not trouble you at all."

"You are a naughty child to say any such thing, and with this beautiful hair, too," added Mary fondly, passing her hand over the girl's abundant locks.

Amy Laurence and Mary Sutherland were staunch friends, and anticipated renewing at home the friendship formed in the school-room. Both were on the eve of that great event in a girl's life, leaving school, and looking forward to it with feelings differing widely, as did their individual temperaments. Amy, grave and far-seeing for her years, felt little of Mary's bounding delight, and instead of anticipating the endless pleasures of free-

dom, nerved herself to meet disappointment and neglect; and that with a pertinacity which threatened to bring about the very results she considered inevitable.

Mary, too restlessly happy to remain long in the same position, had set down her nursing with a kiss; and the two friends, with arms entwined, were pacing the room no longer to be the scene of their griefs and joys. Their conversation, from its whispered tone, seemed very confidential and mysterious. "Do you not feel quite sure, Amy dear?" said Mary; "you must know his hand, though he does not often write to you."

Amy sighed. "I am nearly sure, dear, but you see the hand is disguised, and you have kept it in your pocket until it is quite worn through in several places."

"Ah! well, you never would say you felt sure about it. Is he really coming to-night?"

"Miss Hartley said so, and Aunt Laurence too: besides, I know Aleck would be delighted at the idea; he is fond of dancing;—but there's the dressing-bell—we must be off." And with a rustle and flutter, the girls bounded up the staircase and disappeared into their bed-rooms, Mary and Amy together, having some time since petitioned to share the same room.

Mary was speedily in great request: and many were the regrets that it was the last time she would be at hand, with her thousand kind offices, to prepare for the grand event of the year—the Christmas party.

Many were her own misgivings as she hastily completed her toilette, while Amy stood by, waiting. "Does not Emily Dawson look lovely to-night?" she said. "And, Amy, how well you look. O! if I were but beautiful, just for one evening!"

"You need not wish yourself other than you are, dear," said her companion. And then they both stopped in some trepidation, finding that their governess, Miss Hartley, had entered the room.

"I have been seeking you down stairs, Mary," she said, laying a handsomely bound book beside her, "to present you with this memento of my regard, and you give me an opportunity of adding a few words of parting advice. I have observed, with much regret, the undue value which you place on personal advantages; and I really fear, my dear child, that if you yield to this foible, it will seriously mislead you in the choice of your friends.

Here, at least, you have been very wise," she continued, kindly patting Amy's head; "but I have seen you attracted by a pretty face, where it was the sole charm, and I have been grieved to find your good sense blinded by such weakness. Come down, now, my dears, and do not look so grave, Mary; is is very seldom, I am sure, that I have had occasion to read you a lecture."

"Miss Hartley is quite right, Amy," said Mary, as they descended the staircase, for she always willingly acknowledged her faults; "I know it is a weakness of mine, but I cannot help it."

The girls had wrenthed the dancing-room with holly and evergreens, and, filled with young people moving to inspiring music, it looked very bright and gay. Mammas and papas, almost as smiling as their children, were ranged around it, and glad greetings were interchanged in every nook and corner, between brothers and sisters, parents and children.

Mary Sutherland sprang into her mother's arms with a joy that was quite ungovernable; no other embrace awaited her, for her father had been dead some years, and her only brother was in such delicate health as to be almost entirely confined to the house. Still she glanced around restlessly, until she caught sight of a handsome young face bending over Amy's chair; then her eyes fell, and to hide her glowing cheeks, she stooped and kissed her mother's hand.

Before long, Amy brought her cousin to renew his acquaintance with Mary, for they had met before but casually; and though the girls had been thrown together in the school-room, and were warmly attached, their families were only slightly acquainted. "Aleck is not sure you remember him, Mary," she said; "and insists on the necessity of my recommending him to you for a waltz."

"My memory is not so defective as you suppose, Mr. Laurence," replied Mary, smiling; "and if it does not deceive me, we met several times last Christmas."

"Those parties were far too pleasant for me to forget," replied the young man; "but how could I tell that you would be of the same way of thinking? Excuse me one moment," he added, as they were about to dance. "Amy, you have no partner, and there is my friend Evans raving to be introduced to you. I'll fetch him;" and without waiting to hear

his cousin's hurried refusal, he ran off, and returned with a young man considerably his senior, and of fashionable appearance, whom he presented to her.

"Poor Amy looks *ennuyée*," said Mary, a few moments afterwards, as they paused in the dance. "She does not seem to admire your friend. See how grave she is!"

"You ladies are hard to please, Miss Sutherland," replied her partner. "Evans is a capital fellow; he dances to perfection, and last, but not least, he would be a good match for any girl in the county. However, you are right: Amy has dropped him after the third round, and with such an air, too, as would freeze anybody but Harry. It is too bad to snub a fellow that way, especially when she knows he is an old friend of mine."

Mary saw a cloud settling down over her companion's handsome features, and, with womanly tact, turned the conversation into another channel.

"I think you said, Mr. Laurence, that I was to introduce you to mamma; she beckoned to me a moment since. Shall we go to her?"

"If you will promise to give me the next waltz instead of this one. I don't like losing half the dance, though I so much wish to be acquainted with your mother. You strongly resemble her, Miss Sutherland."

"Do I? I am always pleased to hear that. Do you know, it makes my brother a wee bit jealous; he is the image of my poor father — has all the good looks of the family, and yet loves my dear mother's face so well, that he can think no other half as beautiful."

They had by this time reached Mrs. Sutherland, who had been watching them from her quiet seat, and, mother-like, feeling gratified that the handsomest young man in the room had selected her child, with such evident pleasure, for the dance.

As young Laurence greeted her gracefully, with more of earnestness than mere ceremony demanded, a possible future, fraught with happiness for that child, started up before her imagination; but she repressed the vision with a sigh.

Her own marriage had not been a happy one, and she knew that for Mary, with a high spirit that had been little curbed, and a power and need of affection unusually strong, such a fate would be worse than death.

When, later on in the evening, therefore, those around her whispered that none of the young folks danced so well together as Aleck and Mary, that his eyes sought hers, and that her glowing face wore an unwonted beauty, the mother appeared to notice none of these things, and only grew grave and silent as they were discussed.

## CHAPTER II.

"MARY, darling, you don't look well: you tremble, and are pale," said her brother, as Mary entered his room one morning, some eighteen months after she had left school — "what is the matter?"

"I am not ill, dear; my heart is very glad, but" — and she paused.

"Why, Mary, tears? and you won't tell me what it is! I should not serve you so; surely to me" — but while he spoke, Mary hurriedly left the room, and her brother sank back in his chair with a perplexed expression.

He was a sweet-looking lad, and his nature did not belie the promise of the soft, thoughtful eyes, and beautiful mouth. At times, when pleasure or excitement flushed his cheek with a fleeting brightness, all trace of his great delicacy was lost, but when, as now, he was silent, or for the moment grieved, it was painful to note the look of suffering on his young face.

His father had died in the prime of life, and those who had known him said that, with his almost feminine beauty, the boy had inherited the fatal seeds of that disease which had laid him low in the flower of his strength. All that the most anxious love could suggest had been done, to shield this frail blossom from its threatened doom, but whether successfully or not, none as yet could say, and many doubted.

Mrs. Sutherland was a very fond mother, and earnestly devoted to both her children; but though she scarcely confessed it to herself, the boy was enshrined the most tenderly in the depths of her heart. His delicacy, which at one time seemed to forbid every hope of rearing him, and his beauty, recalling that of which she had been so proud, concurred to make him the dearer of the two. He had never left her for a single day since his birth; and his constant association with his elders, added to a naturally studious turn, had so encouraged the development of

a somewhat precocious intellect, that in general information, and in reflective power, the sickly, home-bred lad had long since outstripped most boys of his age. His education, though thus advanced, had been very desultory until the last two years, when, at his own request, a tutor had been engaged to aid him in pursuing a more regular course of study.

The boy's still fluctuating health was a matter of interest and speculation to more than one without the narrow circle of which he was the centre, for by the will of Mr. Sutherland's father, the property, of considerable extent, which he had inherited, passed to a distant relative if he died a minor. This was a matter of great moment to his mother, and sister also, but the trembling dread with which they turned from the possibility of his loss, suffered no other fear to make itself heard.

When Mary left her brother's room, it was to hurry with faltering steps to her own, and there to throw herself on the bed with an uncontrollable burst of tears. Brief, childish tears they were, however, through which, as in a summer shower, faint sunlight glimmered: while the drops yet hung upon her lashes, a smile was on her lips, and with a tender, caressing touch, as though it were some precious relic of faith or love, she drew a paper from her bosom. The characters it bore were large and boyish, yet to Mary they seemed the fairest her eye had ever rested on, and a deep color suffused cheek and brow as she read and re-read the simple words.

It was a declaration of love, and what woman does not remember the leaping pulses, the trembling clasped fingers, with which every sense drank in those first words. They may not stir the inmost heart, the hand that penned them may not be the one we fain would have chosen, yet what mighty emotions do they awaken — new, overpowering, and delicious.

Something the writer had said in the few brief lines of his own suspense and anxiety, and this it was which had touched Mary's tender heart so keenly. "Poor Aleck!" she said, as she sought her mother; "I must write at once — to think that he has suffered through me!"

Mrs. Sutherland was alone in her room when Mary entered, and, without a word of

comment, she laid the open letter before her, and, sinking down at her feet, hid her face in her mother's lap.

"My darling child," she heard, and then a kiss was pressed on her bent head.

"Mother, I never thought I should be loved; and he is so good — so beautiful," she said at last.

"But, my child, do you love him?"

"Could any one help it, mother? Besides, I have made him sad. O! I cannot bear the idea of that! I must at once —"

"Stay, stay, dear Mary," said Mrs. Sutherland; "you will make him sadder — O, how far sadder! — if, without remembering the solemn consequences of this step, you act on the impulse of the moment."

"But, mother, it is not the impulse of a moment. For months past I have never been so happy as by his side. I have not enjoyed a single dance without him, and have dreaded his leaving me for an instant. I must tell him so; it is the truth. Besides, if I do not, he will be wretched; you see he says so."

The words and the attitude were alike so childish, that the mother trembled. "You are both young, Mary; let me advise you, dearest, defer this decision awhile. If, in a year or two's time —"

"A year or two, mother? When Aleck is so handsome and lovable; he will find some one that deserves him better than I, long before that, and I shall be left to grow old alone — all alone! O, mother! can you advise it? you, who have so often said that a woman so needs a strong love to encompass and shield her."

Mary raised her head, her woman's heart kindling within her at the picture of that deep, enduring love; but she saw that her mother had grown very pale, and paused abruptly.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Sutherland, in a low tone, "I have said what I believe, that the happiness of two, united in such love, is the highest ever enjoyed on earth. But O! my child, I have never before said what I also know, that a marriage formed without the fullness of this perfect love, and where the woman's heart, as would thine, my poor Mary, thirsts for sympathy denied it, with ceaseless yearning — can produce but misery. O! be warned — be warned, my dearest!" and the mother's voice was choked in tears.

Awile they sat, clasped in a silent embrace. Mary knew instinctively the well-spring of bitterness and grief which those words had unloosed in the faithful bosom she leaned on, and she tenderly kissed her mother's cheek, and stroked her hair.

"Mother," she at length whispered, "I have heard you say how blessed were the days when first you listened to the patter of our little feet about the silent house! You were happy then, dearest mother?"

"My beloved child! it is nature speaks in that young heart. Go, do as you will—only, dearest, remember my warning! Look well that there be such love as will outlive sorrow and disappointment, as will reconcile discrepancies and out-last life itself."

In an hour's time Mary Sutherland entered her brother's study, a quiet gladness on her face—she started to see Mr. Norton there (his tutor), and would have withdrawn but for her brother's cheerful "come in." "I thought, perhaps you were lying down, dear," he added, "you looked so poorly; are you better now?"

"Better, Arthur? why, it was all your fancy; I wasn't ill, dear—may I stay here a little? I will be very quiet until you have finished."

"Do, Mary, I like to see you there; don't you, Cecil? Take your work into your old place in the window-seat, and then you shall have the honor of listening to us."

"I am not inclined for work to-day, but I'll sit here, if so your lordship wills it. What a sad gray sky it is," she continued, leaning her head against the dripping window-panes, "this silent, hopeless rain always makes me grave; don't you feel that, Mr. Norton?"

"No, Miss Sutherland, my sunshine is not dependent on the smiles of the sky, and my clouds, I fear, are always earth-born; but I know what you mean; I used to feel as you do."

Mary mused. "I wonder whether I shall ever grow into that sort of still evenness of mood," she said, half-aloud.

"God avert aught that might work such a change," replied he, hastily. Mary did not answer; she was gazing dreamily into the old-fashioned garden, with half-closed eyes, but she saw nothing of the long walks, arched over with climbing roses, or of the quaintly cut bushes of yew and box at every

turning. Over the smooth, bright turf, under the sweeping beeches, she pictured two, wandering hand in hand, with eyes that sought each other through shade and sunlight; and she smiled to see how fair and comely was the boy, and how his arm encircled the girl fondly.

"Is Mr. Norton gone at last?" she said, turning to Arthur suddenly, as the study door closed behind his tutor. "O! I am so happy!" and, to her brother's surprise, she bounded round the room with springing feet that seemed to scorn the floor, and then throwing her arms around his neck, kissed him repeatedly.

"Why, Mary, what ails you? I verily believe you are a little bit crazed this morning. Is all this because we have got rid of Cecil? I thought you liked him so much."

"Goose! so I do; but I wasn't thinking of him. I have something to tell you, Archy—something so wonderful, so delicious, that you will never be able to believe it. It is true, though, quite true; and if you come here, I'll tell you."

"How red you have grown, Mary! Make haste and tell me what it is."

"O! closer, come closer, Archy, and I'll whisper." But no sooner was his ear bent down expectantly, than she exclaimed, "I can't, you must ask mamma," and before he could prevent her, she had bounded away.

#### CHAPTER III.

In the absence of other counsellors, it was with some anxiety that Mrs. Sutherland listened to her son's comments on an event of such deep importance to Mary as her recent decision.

"My heart misgives me, mother," he said, as they sat alone together, "that this is not all we would have chosen for Mary. You seem chiefly to regret his youth, but I think comparatively little of that. It is the marked dissimilarity of their natures which shakes my confidence in their future. Mary will require such an earnest love to satisfy her heart—don't you think so, mother?"

"I do, Arthur; and I have always considered young Laurence rather cold than otherwise. Yet, in many respects, he is a fine lad, and he has long appeared to seek and admire dear Mary; so we must hope that their dispositions will assimilate as their affections strengthen."

"Well, mother, I cannot help thinking that it will be otherwise. As Cecil says, Mary's mental growth has been very rapid of late. As year by year it progresses, I sadly fear she will look for aid and guidance which Aleck Laurence can never give. He will drag her down to his own level — will curb rather than call out the powers of her mind; and even if she be a contented wife —"

"Hush, hush, Arthur dear! you are allowing your own view of the subject to blind you a little. You forget, my child, or rather you do not know, the wonders which are worked, the difficulties overcome, by the power of affection. If this love be but firmly based, and not as I at first dreaded, the childish leaning of one young heart towards another, I shall have little fear for Mary; but hark! those are surely their steps approaching: I wonder they have left the garden this lovely evening."

As she spoke, Mary entered, leading, as it seemed, rather against his inclination, a tall, fine-looking youth into the invalid's room. The contrast between the two boys — for the elder could scarcely be termed more — was very striking. Superficial observers would probably have pronounced young Laurence by far the handsomer of the two; his frame was finely developed, his features good, and his glossy hair, contrasted with a rich, clear skin, formed a picture of youth and vigor, on which the eye rested at a first glance with pleasure. At a second, and few saw that comely face without turning to gaze again — one was, perforce, reminded of what Longfellow pithily says, in remarking on the difference of faces: "Some of them speak not; they are books in which not a line is written, save, perhaps, a date." Of such certainly was young Laurence's, not from utter vacancy, for mind there was of average capacity, but rather from an immobility of expression, which betrayed a stolid temperament, difficult alike to impress or to arouse. His voice, too, was somewhat hard and inflexible; even his smile, only momentarily relaxing the well-formed lips, faded there, without lighting up the brow and eyes. Still it was only in Arthur's presence that he really showed to disadvantage; despite the too great delicacy of outline and complexion, there was a spirituality about the beauty of the younger boy, by the side of which Aleck Laurence seemed transformed to almost animal coarseness. "It was very kind of you to remember me, Laurence," said Arthur, with a gratified smile, as they shook hands. "I did not expect to see you until the chilliness of the evening drove you in, it looks so delightful under those shady trees."

"O, you must thank Mary and not me,"

he answered; "she fancied you were alone, and would not be happy until we came in to see." Mary's cheek flushed a little, for she thought the words scarcely gracious, but Aleck, who was not quick in reading any such slight indications of feeling, continued: "You may as well come out again, Mary, as Arthur does not want us just now. I should like to go round the meadow again."

"Go, dear," added Arthur, "you leave me in very good company."

"I shall not go out just now, Archy," said Mary, decisively; "I came in to sit with you, to talk or read, as you like, and I intend to do so."

"Well, I sha'n't send you away," answered he, smiling. "I don't see much of her, Laurence, these sunshiny days, I can assure you."

"What a pity you don't go out too, Sutherland," he rejoined; "it would put a little life and color into you."

"I have been forbidden to leave the house while these winds continue: I was so ill last spring after an unusual exposure to the weather," he answered, quietly.

"Well, I think you are cooped up a great deal too much, for my part." Mary colored again. She had been used to treat the suffering boy, whose mind had long guided her own, with a mixture of tenderness and reverence, called for by his unflinching sweetness of temper. Aleck's tone jarred on her ear, and when she saw her mother listening with a grave face, she felt doubly annoyed.

"What shall I read you, Archy dear?" she asked, hastily. "I am sure anything will be more amusing than this conversation."

"Choose what you like yourself, dear; I am always pleased with your selections."

"Very well, then, I shall give you a chapter or two of my favorite *Hyperion*;" and she began. Her sweet voice gradually took the mournful tone of the words she read, for she had opened on the latter part, where the desolate shadow of hopeless love darkens the beautiful imagery of the poet-writer. With a truthful pathos she read that most graceful address to the lady of his love, which the hero pours forth; and her voice faltered as she went on to describe him journeying alone with the memory of his sorrow, the air around him forever filled with the cold words of the proud lady.

Arthur's eyes rested lovingly on his sister's face, and then they sought young Laurence's, to say in their expressive language, "Has not her voice a plaintive melody that touches you also?" But he was gazing into the garden somewhat listlessly, and, to Arthur's vexation, picking to pieces a white rose which Mary had brought him in that morning.

The boy soon found an answering glance;

for, turning round, he perceived that Mr. Norton had entered through the enclosed door, and was listening to the reader. Mary paused. "What a cold heart this Mary Ashburton must have had," she said, earnestly. "Would not any womanly woman have been touched to the very quick by such love!"

"Suppose she was engaged already," rejoined young Laurence.

"She would the more have grieved for him, Aleck. From the height of her own happiness she would have measured his desolation, and, stooping from her cold pride, she would have soothed and wept with him; but it does not say she was engaged, though there is something about a horrid green student. No, I don't believe any true woman could so unmoved have received the worship of a poet's heart."

"You would spoil the picture, Mary," said her brother. "The poet's love is just as richly lavished when its thankless object accepts it not, and, for all her pride, will follow the stately lady with its silent strength forever—do you not see that therein lies its most touching beauty?"

"It may be very beautiful, but it is not real," said young Laurence, turning his blue eyes upon the speaker. "However much a man may be in love, he would soon cool down, you may depend upon it, if he were refused in that way—it is only a made-up story."

"That is possible; and yet it may be a true one, Laurence. Such things have been."

"They must be, and often are," added Mary; "we cannot command our love to return because it is little prized, neither would any one, however unhappy, desire to do so."

"Well, I don't know why we should waste our words over it, Mary. It is not real, and I don't believe it ever could be—at all events, I could never make one of those disinterested heroes of romance."

"That book is a veritable story of the writer's life," said Mr. Norton; "and, like every great work, of many a life besides."

Aleck started, and Mary slightly colored; neither had perceived his entrance. "Why, I declare I have been haranguing to quite an audience," said the latter, laughing. "Mamma, why did you not call me to order?"

"I saw no occasion, my love."

"I suppose you were not listening to us at all; that is the truth, for you never helped us out of our difficulty."

"Indeed, I heard it all; I said nothing because I was with the majority, and you had already such a formidable array against Aleck."

"I do not wonder at Mr. Laurence refusing his credence," said Cecil Norton, kindly.

"It is hard to realize sorrows which have never touched ourselves; though certainly the magic of Miss Mary's voice might have charmed one into supposing her a very love-lorn lady."

Mary laughed. "That is not the first compliment you have paid my voice, if, indeed, it be intended for one at all—no one else ever found out that it said half so much."

"Mary," interrupted Aleck, "come down the garden with me; I can hear poor Watch whining to be admitted. A much more moving appeal to my ears than the sentimental lamentations of your favorite hero."

Mary laughed good-naturedly, and they ran off towards the garden together.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was yet quite early, one bright morning, when Mary Sutherland entered her brother's study, a spray of white roses in her hand; it was his favorite flower, and his room was seldom without a nosegay. She had been some time arranging her treasures in a vase, whose purple hue contrasted well with their purity, ere she perceived that the room had another occupant. "Why, Mr. Norton," she exclaimed, "has this bright sun tempted you, like my dear roses, to open your eyes and admire him thus early?"

He slowly raised his head, and she was shocked to see that his face was very pale, and the drooping lids seemed with difficulty to unveil the heavy eyes. "You are ill, Mr. Norton," she said, gently—"What can I do for you? Why did you get up?"

"I have not been to bed, Miss Sutherland; I received news late last night which greatly distressed me, and am only awaiting the first train to leave here this morning. I know your brother will excuse my sudden desertion, when he hears that it is my mother's dangerous illness which calls me home."

"O! I am so sorry; we shall all be so very sorry to lose you in this sad way, Mr. Norton; but perhaps it may not be as bad as you suppose. Pray, do not grieve; your poor mother may be spared to you yet. We will all pray for her. O! do not grieve so, Mr. Norton, please do not! You will be quite ill and able to do nothing for her by the time you get home."

"I fear, Miss Mary, that she will require little of me, that her need of human love and care is well nigh over. Had there been any means of reaching town more speedily, I would never have wasted these precious hours. This suspense is dreadful."

"Poor Mr. Norton! thank God, it is nearly over! Have you packed up anything? Because I might perhaps be of some use to you. But stay! I will send a ser-

vant to your room, while I get you a cup of coffee;" and she left the room, her step, always light, unconsciously hushed to greater gentleness by the presence of sorrow.

Poor Cecil, left again alone, bent his head yet lower. "And I might have been with her months since, when first I heard she was failing," he muttered, "but for this infatuation—this madness. Did I not know her heart was already another's? and yet I stayed on." He paused, for Mary had entered again, holding a cup of coffee.

"Will you take this, Mr. Norton? It will do your head good. I am sure it must ache. I only wish I could ease your heart-ache ever so little."

"But you do, Miss Sutherland. Do you know, you are the only one I ever knew whose presence I could endure when suffering—I mean mentally. I shrink at every touch, wince from every footstep; but you, I think, bear about you some charm to quiet restless hearts."

"My charm lies here this morning," she said, playfully, offering him the coffee; "I made it myself. Will you drink it to please me?"

He took the cup, and she thanked him simply in her pleasant way. Then she drew him into a quiet talk, looking the sympathy she refrained from speaking, with her tender womanly eyes. Having hurried through a farewell with them all, Mr. Norton was very soon afterwards whirling away on his road to London. Cold as he seemed externally, his was a most affectionate nature, and his great heart was sorely crushed by the struggle of the past night. He loved his mother passionately; he could scarcely believe the possibility of her being taken from him forever; and yet there was another sorrow, bitter enough to dispute the possession of his heart, even then. As he rolled along, quoted somewhat by the rapid motion, he drew from his bosom a miniature of his mother, but the face wore the hue of health—the loving eyes were calm, the mouth at rest, and when he remembered that pain and death might even then have marred their repose, he shook with a sudden agony, and covered up the beloved face. Another treasure he seemed to bear in his closed palm, and greatly would Mary have wondered, had she seen that it was a white rose, glittering yet with that morning's dew. Meanwhile, the party he had left behind were not a little saddened by the shadow which had fallen over him. He was a great loss to poor Arthur, who had very few congenial companions, and Mary was grieved to see his face unusually pained in its expression.

"Dear Archy, you are thinking still of

poor Mr. Norton; what can I do to amuse you?—shall I read you something?"

"Do, dear, but nothing sad."

"No, and nothing that he has chosen for us either; that would sound sad now, whatever it might be."

"I hear a carriage, Mary; look out. Who can it be?"

"O! I am so glad; it is dear Amy, and——"

"Nay, you need not tell me, I can see that Aleck is there too. Those cheeks of yours are such tell-tales, that——" But she had run to him, and laughingly put her hands over his mouth, just as the door opened and Aleck and Amy Laurence entered.

Mary advanced with open arms to greet her old schoolfellow, whom she had not seen very lately; then, with a still brighter look, turned towards the young man. "I think you always come when I most want you, Aleck," she said, in a half-whisper that sheltered itself beneath the greetings of Amy and Arthur. "To-day we have all a fit of the blues, for Mr. Norton has left us—gone away in sad trouble, poor fellow, hardly expecting to find his mother alive—and we do miss him so already."

"Well, I wonder you should miss such an old bookworm as that."

"What, Cecil?" asked Arthur. "You don't know him, then; he is one of the pleasantest companions I ever met with—in fact, the pleasantest, not merely from his geniality, but from the way he has of drawing out other people, and chiming in with any particular mood one is in."

"Who is that you are eulogizing so warmly, Archy?" asked his mother, entering the room.

"Cecil, Mamma; and he needs it, for no one would give him credit for all that lies hid under that reserve of his, would they, now?"

"No, indeed, my love, and you particularly have a right to plead his cause—no woman could have made a more tender and patient nurse than he did, during your illness last summer; we must ever be indebted to him for his warm sympathy then."

"Will he not return to you, Mrs. Sutherland?" asked Amy.

"I fear not, my dear. If his mother recover, he will remain with her, and will find some employment near home; should he lose her, the necessity for his working ceases, for he told me that he had saved quite sufficient for his own wants, though not to support her also."

"Then I suppose he has nothing but his labor to depend on, poor devil," remarked Aleck.

"Ah? do you not know his history? There were but two children, a son and daughter, brought up in every luxury by their mother, a widow; the girl married and went to India, I believe, and he had just begun his college career with unusual promise and distinction, when their property invested in some joint-stock bank entirely failed, and his mother has since been dependent on his exertions."

"A sad story," remarked Amy. "I wonder none of their connections helped him to finish his education, as he evidently has talent."

"I have heard that his mother's relatives did make some offer of the sort," answered Mrs. Sutherland; "but it seems that they had opposed her marriage with great bitterness, the feud had never been healed, and the young man would accept no favor at their hands."

"I can imagine that," said Aleck, "he looks just that kind of fellow, poor as a church mouse, and proud as Lucifer. But, Mary, we have never told you all this while mamma's message. She wants you to drive back with us, and spend a week or two, as you promised, with my fair coz here; come, Amy, coax that naughty girl; she never will do anything to please me."

"Now, Aleck, that is too ungrateful! Have n't I learnt to ride on purpose to please you; and haven't I cultivated the friendship of that great rough Watch, just because you like him! However, just to punish you a bit, I certainly shall refuse this time. Seriously," she added, more gravely, and lowering her voice, "I could not leave Archy now that he is alone; don't ask me, please, Aleck dear."

"O! pray go, Mary darling!" interrupted Arthur, who had caught her last words; "she shall, Aleck," he continued, noticing how the young man's brow had lowered; "I don't want her, vain little puss that she is, to make herself out so precious to me."

Mary smiled doubtfully, and looked from one to the other; she noticed, too, that Aleck's handsome lip pouted. "Well, then, for three days only," she said; "that is, if dear mamma will take my place of reader and talker, and—and everything to Master Archy there."

"That I will, dearest," replied her mother—and so the matter was settled.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE three days of Mary's absence hung heavily on Arthur's hands, for, in spite of his declaration, her society was the greatest solace and amusement he knew. At the close of the third, just at twilight, she sprang into his room.

"Alone, my darling? and so soon returned?" he asked.

"It is not soon, Archy. You know I said three days. However, to tell the truth, Aleck was just the least bit vexed that I would not stay any longer, and so he did not come with me."

"I am sorry for that, dear. You should have stayed if he wished it."

"No, Archy; not when I had promised. Besides, he can come and see me here; and he has so many amusements, with riding and shooting, and all that kind of thing; and you have none;" and she caressed him fondly as she spoke.

"And how is Amy, dear?"

"Well, Archy, I don't know what to think of her; she is not happy somehow. She never was as gay as I; but she certainly is changed lately. She is more silent, and seems older, as if some trouble had fallen upon her; and yet there can have been none."

"Do you think she grieves after her father? When is she to return to him?"

"That I hardly know; but I am sure her separation can be no grief to her. Why, she was only four years old when she left India, and scarcely remembers him. Her mother she never saw, and Mrs. Laurence quite supplies her place. Then, no father could be kinder than Mr. Laurence." She paused, and, with averted face, added: "I do not think Aleck loves her quite so much as he might, considering that they have been brought up as brother and sister—at all events, not as we love each other, Archy. I suppose they do not suit each other so well, for I am sure he is affectionate—is n't he, dear?"

"You know best about that, sister of mine. There is one little woman to whom he ought to be affectionate, and I think he is tolerably so, don't you?"

"Please, Archy dear, don't tease me, I am not in the humor for it to-night." Arthur had fancied her gayety a little forced, and now detected something in her voice which jarred painfully on his loving ear. With painful violence he turned her face towards himself.

"I heard tears in that voice, Mary; why, my pet," he added, as he found his suspicion verified, "what brought them there? you'll tell your own Archy, won't you?"

"If I can, dear, but I hardly know myself. I think I was sad when I went, with thinking of poor Mr. Norton's trouble; then nothing seemed so pleasant as on my first visit to the Laurences. Aleck was all the time trying to make me promise that I would stay longer, Amy appeared restless and unhappy, and that disagreeable young Evans,

whom I can't endure, seemed to make us all uncomfortable."

"Uncomfortable? how, dearest?"

"You will promise not to tell, Archy?"

Her brother nodded. "Well, I am afraid—mind, I don't know—but I am sadly afraid, he is a bad companion for dear Aleck, and that they all see it. At all events, Mr. Laurence thinks so, and I am nearly sure they have had a quarrel about him. You know every one calls Harry Evans a fast young man, the sort of thing Mr. Laurence can't bear. Well, yesterday evening, going back to the dining-room for my handkerchief, when I thought the gentlemen had left, I found only young Evans had gone out to smoke, and Aleck and his father were talking together. I could not help hearing what Mr. Laurence said; for even when he saw me he did not leave off. At first, Archy, I was afraid he might mean me, for he said, 'You know from the beginning I disapproved of the selection you chose to make;' but he must have meant Mr. Evans, for then he said, 'His habits are so vicious, and even if you could afford it, that is an amusement I would never countenance.' What could he mean, Archy? O! it has made me so unhappy."

"Did you question Aleck, dear?"

"Yes, I tried to make him tell me if anything had gone wrong, and I said I could not bear young Evans; but I have often said that before, and he only tells me that I don't know anything about it, and that I cannot expect him to cast off an old friend for my whims. They were at school together, and so it is natural Aleck should not see his faults as we do—is it not?"

"It is, dear, besides which we may after all be exaggerating the importance of this matter. Better let it rest, Mary; forget it, if you can, feeling secure that Aleck would consult you in anything of real consequence."

"Thank you, dearest, you always set me right; I shall go now and find mamma;" and, giving her brother a kiss, she left the room. The following day Mrs. Sutherland received a few lines from Cecil Norton, informing her of his mother's decease, and expressing deep regret that his health and spirits were so shaken by his loss as to make it impossible for him to resume his duties as Arthur's tutor. He requested her to forward the few things he had left behind, saying that his books, which might possibly amuse Arthur, he would send for at some future time. They all felt saddened by the news of his loss, and Aleck, calling that evening, was greatly disconcerted to find Mary's eyes red and swollen.

"It is really foolish, dear," he said, "to

make all this fuss about the man; it is nothing to you that his mother is dead, you never saw her!"

"I cannot help being grieved, nevertheless, Aleck. You forget that Cecil Norton was with us in our trouble; when we thought Archy would die, he gave us hope, and he taught me to look above for comfort, when hope seemed failing. How can I help mourning for him now, and longing to be in my turn the comforter?"

"Well, my dear, I can only say that I wish you would check this extreme sensitiveness; there is no doubt you would be a great deal happier. What a pity you did not stay with us, as I wished! You would have had something else to think about. I hate to see women cry. Come back with me to-night; now do, Polly, there's a dear!"

"What! and leave Archy just as he is depressed by this news, and feeling Mr. Norton's loss?"

"Why, it's for your own good, Mary; and Arthur is too unselfish a creature, by your own account, to wish to keep you moping here."

There was something of a sneer in young Laurence's tone, and Mary stamped her foot angrily.

"You know he is unselfish," she said; "and you know it would not make me happier to leave him when he is sad, and go pleasure-seeking with you, and I will not."

"There is no occasion to get into a passion about it," he replied. "You have a most disagreeable habit of stamping your foot at every touch and turn."

"It is no wonder if I am in a passion," she answered petulantly; "but I will not be schooled and chided for what is your own fault."

This was not the first disagreement, ending in an outburst of petulance on Mary's part, which had for the time disturbed the fair surface of her happiness, and she began to think that Aleck intentionally roused her temper. But it was not so. His attempts to curb her ready sympathy, and his own immovable calmness, were the rocks against which her sensitive and somewhat passionate temperament chafed; and the worst of the matter was, that her repentance, coming as readily as did her anger, was but coldly received by the young man, who could neither understand nor follow the rapid transition of her nature. The next morning, when he called, therefore, she expected to find, as on former occasions, a shade of coldness in his manner; but it was not so, he looked unusually smiling.

"Mary, dear," he said, as he entered, "I have a delightful plan for to-day, if Arthur is only well enough. Harry Evans is stay-

ing with me for a little time longer, and wants me to go over to his father's, to see a new horse he has bought—a splendid creature; and I should so like us all to go together."

"And Archy, dear?"

"That's the very point. You know mamma's pony?—as quiet as a lamb: well, I want to harness him to Arthur's garden-chair, and take him with us—we shall be such a jolly party."

Mary looked doubtful; she was not sure it would be safe. However, the pony was at the door—was tried in his new duties, and Arthur pronounced the little equipage to be the perfection of comfort and safety. In an hour's time the whole party was on the road—Mary in the highest spirits, for Aleck's unwonted attention to her brother had gratified her, and Amy's presence was another pleasure as unexpected. The riders were all well mounted; and Arthur's pony, who was both fat and lazy, very decidedly declining to keep up with them, Mary fell back from the rest, and adapted her pace to his.

"Do you notice what I remarked about Amy, dear?" she asked of her brother.

"I do, Mary; can you divine the cause?"

"No, indeed, unless she is seriously annoyed by young Evans' avowed admiration; and yet that inquiet look was on her face last year, though not so plainly as now. Have you any clue to it?"

"Partly, I think, dear. But it would not be kind, and scarcely honorable, to discuss that which poor Amy hides in silence."

Mary was accustomed to acquiesce in her brother's decisions: she had always found him on the side of truth and charity, so she said no more, and the look of awakened curiosity faded from her face. Meanwhile, the riders in front had slackened their pace; Amy was now leading, and the two young men were so near, that Mary caught their words. "By Jove, she's a magnificent creature," said Mr. Evans, in a tone of enthusiasm. "I should prefer more flesh certainly—but what a head! she's a devilish proud look in those eyes of hers; but, by Heaven, they're so beautiful, they make my blood tingle to look into them!" At the last words only did it flash upon Mary that he spoke of Amy Laurence, and not of the horse she rode. The color rushed into her cheek, and indignant tears were almost ready to start; at that instant Amy turned her head. Her beautiful face was quite exposed, for the wind had blown back the soft masses of hair on either side, and upheld them like a golden halo under her dark hat; her lips were parted, and the exercise had brought a faint, rich bloom to her cheeks. A burst of admiration in the same strain as

before broke from Mr. Evans' lips, and to avoid hearing it, Mary urged her horse forward, and joined her friend.

#### CHAPTER VI.

SPRING and summer had passed, and autumn was stealing round, bringing with it little change to the Sutherlands. Arthur, though stronger, continued in somewhat delicate health; and Mary, now in her twenty-third year, was scarcely more matured and womanly than when she had quitted Miss Hartley's roof. Of care and grief she knew little save the name. Even love had touched her lightly—of its wild passion, its throes or its despair, she did not dream; and the same child-nature, with its ready tears, and smiles, and tender sympathies, impressed her face.

One evening, when the little family party had gathered as usual in Arthur's study, Aleck Laurence entered unexpectedly. "Reading as usual," he said; "and one of Norton's favorites, I'll be bound. He seems to have forgotten you more easily than you manage to forget him."

"He has not forgotten us," said Mary, quickly. "If he never comes near us again I shall know that. But he *will* come."

"We shall see," answered the young man.

"However, I did not come to-night, dear, to discuss your favorite. I want your help, Mrs. Sutherland, in getting up a pic-nic—a little, quiet party amongst ourselves, I mean, before this hot weather changes. What do you say to it?"

"I will do my best to help you, my dear, I am sure," answered she. "What spot have you fixed upon?"

"I say Knollsley Wood," he replied; "don't you, Archy?"

"O, it would be delicious! But you must not ask me. I should only be a drawback to your enjoyment."

"Come, Archy, now, don't be a goose," said Mary. "Do you think we—"

"Leave him to me," interrupted Aleck; "I'll settle it. You see, Arthur, I mean to take you and Mary in our four-wheeler, and Harry Evans is to drive Amy. I know it is of little use offering you a seat, Mrs. Sutherland," he added, smiling; "you would not condescend to accept it; so I leave you out of our calculations. Not that my trap is to be sneezed at, I can tell you; for the governor has just had it done up as good as new; and I have got a horse now that will take us along like the wind."

"A new horse! you never told me that, Aleck?"

"No; I only had her given me yesterday. But come out with me," he continued, beckoning to her as he opened the door; "I have something to tell you."

"What is it, dear?" she asked, as they strolled into the garden; for, to her surprise, he was silent.

"In the first place, it is a secret."

"A secret of your own!"

"No, of Amy's—can you guess?"

"Of Amy's! O! Aleck, it isn't that she—that she will marry that Mr. Evans."

"And pray why not, Mary? He loves her. I am sure he is a gentlemanly fellow; and he has a handsome income, independent of his father, now."

"As if that could signify! Aleck! Aleck!"—and she drew her arm from under his—"why do you speak as if money could make Amy or any woman happy?"

"It is all very well, my dear, to talk in that way; but it would be a very good thing for us if I had Harry's income, and could marry at once as he can, instead of dragging on for years, while my little Polly's good looks are 'wasted on the desert air.' There's a quotation for you! Now if your favorite Cecil had given you that."

"Do not jest, dear," said Mary, earnestly. "You speak of Mr. Evans being able to marry at once. Do you mean that he will, really?"

"I hope so, I'm sure; and I think it is very likely."

"O, how could she!" sighed Mary. Aleck's brow darkened.

"What in the world has given you this dislike to their marriage? I suppose my father has been talking some nonsense about Harry to you girls—about his being wild, or fond of play, or something of the kind. Just as if a man of his fortune could go through college life without seeing a little of the world. It must have been the governor's doing, for Amy was just as bad as you. I sounded her a little bit; for Harry, poor fellow, was very nervous, and you never heard anything like the girl. To begin with, she declared she should tell him that she did not love him—and then——"

"You do not persuade her, Aleck! tell me you did not. Why should she marry him?"

"Now, Mary dear, don't be foolish. She is engaged to him now. Why should you find fault with what is all decided?"

"Engaged, without loving him, and you ask me why I find fault? O, Aleck! Besides, he is not suited to her. You must know he is too dependent on excitement ever to make a good husband. This is a sudden passion: he is attracted by her beauty: and when its novelty has faded——"

"For heaven's sake, Mary, don't talk in this strain to her, just as she has had the good sense to overcome her own prejudices. You will destroy the poor fellow's happiness,

overthrow the whole thing, and do you know not what amount of mischief."

His tone was so vehement for him, that Mary looked up in surprise. His face was flushed and anxious. "I will say no more about it, dear, since it displeases you," she said, gently.

"Displeases me, Mary! that is just as absurd as your former strain. What can it signify to me?"

"Never mind, Aleck. We do not agree upon the subject, so let us talk of something else; or, better still, let us come and settle all about the pic-nic with mamma."

"Remember one thing, Mary," he whispered as they entered; "I told you it was a secret. Be silent about it; and, above all, don't let Amy know that I have breathed a word of the matter."

They found Mrs. Sutherland and Arthur discussing the merits of veal-and-chicken pie, and soon arranged all the agreeable preliminaries.

"Then, the day after to-morrow," said Aleck, as he took his hat; "and punctually at eleven: remember, Archy."

But Mary ran after him. "Your new horse, Aleck—you never told me a word about it, after all. When did you get it? and what is it like?"

"It was a present from Harry," replied he. "But I am in haste now. Good bye. You'll have a smile for him on Wednesday, when you see what a noble creature it is. But you have seen her, by the bye; it is the mare he showed us last year—Estelle."

Wednesday morning, now anxiously looked forward to by Mary, came at last; but she could read nothing in Amy's beautiful face of what she wished to learn, and they had not a moment together before the party started. Estelle was the admiration of every one, and, without a touch of the whip, or a word of encouragement, bore them along bravely over a road that was both rough and steep.

The country through which they passed, at all times beautiful, from its broken surface and wild richness, was now dyed with all the changeful glories of early autumn. As they skirted the wood, the voice of its songsters from their shady homes alone broke the silence, and from the mossy roots of the forest trees the nodding hare-bells looked up, and seemed to bid them welcome.

Mr. Evans and Amy were far behind, but they had appointed a rendezvous in case of losing each other, or of the fine weather failing them—the house of one of the foresters, built on an acclivity which commanded a fine view of the wood. Slackening their speed, therefore, apparently against Estelle's inclination, though the road was

unusually steep, they lingered until the pony chaise came up with them, close by the place of appointment; and then, alighting, the gentlemen took the vehicles round to the back of the house. The girls were alone; but Mary, conscious of possessing Amy's secret, dreaded any approach to the subject, and began to talk rapidly. "It is certainly a most lovely ride," she said. "Too wild, though: I never can get over my sense of fear when we pass the Green Hollow—there ought to be some defence put up there."

"I am by nature braver than you, happily for myself," replied Amy; "for my life is not likely to be so smooth, nor my footsteps so tenderly guarded, as my dear Mary's." Mary turned away her head: she could not bear the tone of dejection. Amy noticed the gesture. "Look round, dearest," she said; "I cannot afford to have a friendly face turned from me now. Do you know that by this day next month I shall be Mr. Evans' wife?"

The strange deliberation of her words, even more than their import, chilled Mary's heart, and she flung her arms about the girl's neck. "Why must it be?" she said, passionately; "and why with this wild haste? Do not try to deceive me, Amy: I know you do not love him."

"Dearest, I will tell you all I can. There has been a struggle within me: I own it: and I have taken no advice of any but my cousin—your Aleck, Mary. I have told Mr. Evans that I do not love him, but my heart is safe, and I shall be a faithful wife at least. He is motherless, Mary, like myself; he never knew a woman's care, and he has lavished his love upon me. This marriage will work good to him and to others; for myself, what does it matter? There is a glory in self-sacrifice amid all its throes, and the doom was upon me from my birth. But, hush! I hear his voice! Do not tell him—I mean Aleck—that I have spoken thus."

Amy was perfectly self-possessed in an instant. "How cloudy it has become," she said, as young Laurence came up. "You are no true prophet, cousin."

"Mary will tell you that I am, generally. But really, it does look threatening. This great heat seldom lasts above a week or two. What a pity we did not think of fixing an earlier day."

"You had better lose no time in talking, Laurence," said Mr. Evans, running up; "we ought to have dinner, and be off again without delay. It is very provoking. But it will never do for the ladies and Mr. Sutherland to suffer; and there is certainly a storm brewing there."

Accordingly, the cold pie and salad, with the knives and forks, were drawn from their

mysterious hiding-place by the ranger's wife, and set out upon the bole of a huge elm which had been destroyed by lightning some years before, and sawn down, and carefully prepared for its present use. The dinner was not so satisfactory as it had promised to be; and Mary, who could not keep her eyes from the heavy masses of cloud gathering above them, quite lost her appetite.

"The horses have had but a short rest after that heavy pull," said Mr. Evans, as he brought them round; "but that can't be helped, either. Allow me to assist you, Miss Sutherland."

"Put her in the front this time, Evans," said Arthur, calling him to the house: "she is so timid in a storm."

Mary resisted. "The front seat was more comfortable for her brother;" but a tremendous peal of thunder drowned her remonstrance, and Arthur laughingly pushed her in.

The storm now set in with violence; and, at a flash of lightning more vivid than usual, Estelle began to show symptoms of terror, and endeavored to wrest her head from Mr. Evans' grasp.

"Quick! Get in, Aleck; and for God's sake, be careful!" whispered young Evans. "She'll never stand this."

Aleck hastily gathered up the rein; and, just as another peal boomed over the forest, they started. The storm increased every moment; and before they had gone many yards, the rain came down in torrents. Aleck could hear Mary's voice, between the echoing thunder-claps, saying, "I will be very brave; I won't give you any trouble, dear." He tried to reassure her, but his own heart sank within him as the mare plunged and reared afresh at every flash. The road was, for some distance, a steep descent, but tolerably smooth after the first mile; and they were congratulating themselves on having passed the worst, when a flash of lightning, more vivid than ever, seemed to cross their very path, and absolutely blind them. The mare gave a loud snort; and, after a wild attempt to rear, tore madly on—the slightly-built chaise swaying to and fro, as though it were a feather at the mercy of the elements. On they went, quicker and yet quicker; the trees seeming to rush by them, and the creaking harness and panting horse echoing fearfully through every lull of the storm. Aleck, who had lost all command over the animal, could only entreat them to hold on firmly; and, to his relief, Mary obeyed every word, without a cry or sob. Though but a second or two had elapsed, they seemed to have been carried on for an age at that fearful pace; and the one dread which beat at every heart broke at last from

Mary's lip. "The Green Hollow!" she cried, in a gasping voice. The maddened beast was making directly for it, and the reins already cracked as though they must give way. At that moment, winding round the dreaded turn they were about to take, came a solitary horseman. At a glance he saw their frightful danger, and, urging his horse forward, stood between them and destruction. The mare, unprepared for so sudden an obstacle, swerved from her course; and, as she wavered, the rider wheeled round, and seized her head.

Arthur leaned forward to Mary, forgetting his own hold on the carriage; and, as it stopped with a violent shock, he was precipitated into the road.

## CHAPTER VII.

ARTHUR SUTHERLAND opened his eyes to find a friendly and long-absent face bending over him. "Was it really you, Cecil?" he asked. "I thought I had been dreaming."

"I wish you had, my poor fellow," answered Mr. Norton. "But leave my hand now, and let me call your mother."

Mrs. Sutherland's suspense, as may be imagined, was almost unbearable while the surgeon examined her son. No injury, however, was perceptible beyond severe bruises; and it was with thankful yet trembling hearts, that the whole party gathered round his bed that night.

"What brought you to us at that moment so strangely, Cecil?" asked Arthur.

"I had called on your mother, and learnt of your excursion from her," he answered; "and the ride being a favorite of mine, I set out to join you. I saw the storm rising as I went, and it occurred to me that I might be of some service to you; for Mrs. Sutherland had told me you had a very spirited horse, and I remembered that Miss Mary used to be rather nervous in a storm."

"Yes," observed Aleck. "I do wish you had rather more nerve, Polly dear."

Mary hung her head. "Why, I have been congratulating Miss Sutherland on her self-possession. She was sitting like a little stoic when you came in sight; and really the danger was very frightful. I cannot bear even to remember how near you were to that horrid chasn."

"Yes, it was not pleasant; and Mary certainly behaved better than one could have expected. I don't think she has ever been quite easy on that road, at the best of times: eh! Polly?"

"I have often felt certain, as we have driven past the Green Hollow, that our lives were to be endangered there some day," she answered.

"Now, that's just the way you frighten yourself about everything, dear. I do wish you would n't: you destroy your own comfort and other people's too."

Mary turned away her head. Her nerves had been shaken that afternoon, and her eyes slowly filled with tears.

"Do you think those feelings are under her own control?" asked Mr. Norton, gently. "I fancy that in finely-organized natures such intuitions often come, and are involuntary. However, Miss Mary made a wise use of her prophetic powers, and met the danger she had foreseen very bravely. I am sure I should have been tempted to risk my neck by jumping out."

"Should you really, Mr. Norton?" asked Mary, with a brightening face. "I think I should if I had been alone; but I could not have left Aleck and Archy, you know. Besides, they kept saying, 'Sit quietly,' and 'Hold fast.' And I think, in any great danger, one is glad to obey an authoritative voice: don't you?"

"Yes; in such moments we are powerless to think for ourselves, and gladly resign the charge to another. And now, to illustrate your own theory of obedience to authority, Miss Sutherland, please to leave your invalid to me. He looks very feverish, and ought to be quiet; so I shall go and fetch a book, and take up my abode for the night on this sofa."

Both Mrs. Sutherland and Mary were very glad to accede to this proposal, and the morning proved that Mr. Norton's opinion was correct. Arthur had had shivering fits and pains in his limbs throughout the night, and was pronounced by the medical man to be suffering from a great deal of fever, brought on by his exposure to the heavy rain, as much as by his fall the day before. Amy, who had reached home in perfect safety with Mr. Evans, rode over early with Aleck to inquire after Arthur, and endeavored, though vainly, to remove poor Mary's depression.

"I know all you say is true, dear. I do not fear immediate danger, but I have an unconquerable foreboding as to the result," she answered.

And Amy saw that in such a mood it was little use to talk of comfort. Indeed, her own anxiety to put matters in the best possible light showed that she, too, had her fears for the poor invalid.

"Your spirits are shaken, dear child," she said at last: "we will talk of something else. I wished very much to say a little more to you yesterday about myself. It is by my own wish, which you scarcely seemed to understand, that my marriage takes place immediately. Mr. Evans has shown the utmost kindness and consideration in the matter, but I— I desire no delay. It is a whim of mine.

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And I have another whim, Polly, but I fear to tell it you—you will be hurt; and I have tried to reason it away, but cannot."

"Do not fear me, Amy. Tell me without hesitation—and yet, not if it gives you pain, dear."

"I must tell you, Mary. Years ago, while we were quite children, I made you a promise. But all is changed since then, and I wish you to forget it, and excuse its fulfilment. You were to have been my bridesmaid, dear, if I married. I wish to have none now; none present at all but the necessary witnesses. And Mr. Evans, who denies me nothing, has consented to this. I only fear that you will misconstrue me, and feel wounded by my foolishness." Mary looked grave and surprised. "It is not for me to dispute your wishes, Amy," she answered. "I certainly should not have acted so; however, dear, mine would have been but a heavy heart to grace a bridal, for I cannot shake off my fears for Archy. So, after all, it is best as you have settled it."

The two girls remained in conversation some time longer, but Mary had lost the first keenness of her anxiety for her friend. Her brother's illness pressed on her heavily; and the tone of calm determination with which the bride-elect discussed her future prospects, set her own fears and doubts at rest for the present.

The extreme anxiety which his mother and sister evinced about the lad was not without foundation: day after day passed, in which his symptoms became more discouraging. A low fever hung about him, and great tenderness in one spot near the spine seemed to indicate that the injury he had received was far more serious than had at first been imagined. Mr. Norton, who had again taken up his abode with them, was invaluable to Mrs. Sutherland, and not only soothed and amused the poor patient during the day, but night after night, as his illness increased, administered his medicines, smoothed his pillow, and watched over him with all the affection of a brother.

He had been confined to his bed three weeks, and had suffered much the last few days from an abscess forming in his back, when Mary was one morning called from his room by Aleck Laurence.

"How ill you look, dear," he said, as she entered the sitting-room. "We shall have you laid up next. Why in the world can't your mother have a nurse for Archy?"

"He could not bear a stranger, Aleck, dear, and very little of the fatigue falls upon me: Mamma and Mr. Norton share it principally between them. Last night I was disturbed, certainly, for I insisted upon tak-

ing my turn, and sleeping in his dressing-room, to give him his medicine and drink. However, I might have had rest enough, but I went in to look at him sleeping; and O, Aleck! he is so changed and worn! His face haunted me, and I could not close my eyes again."

The young man put his arms affectionately round her. "You are such a tender-hearted piece of goods, Polly," he said; "you would never see his face as it is, but exaggerate any painful expression there might be. Why, he was always thin and pale, you know, and all that kind of thing: I could see no alteration last week. I see one in you though: you are wearing yourself to death. Go and fetch your bonnet, and drive out with me for an hour or two: it will do you good."

"I had rather not, Aleck dear; I had, indeed. I am so anxious and wretched about Archy, that unless he were better I could not leave the house: it would do me no good."

Aleck's brow lowered, and he withdrew his arm from her waist. "All this absurd nervousness won't do *him* any good," he said. "In my opinion, you are fretting yourself to fiddlestrings about nothing: he'll get well in time. O! Mr. Norton," he continued in a louder voice, as Cecil half entered the room, and was again withdrawing; "just use your eloquence with Mary, will you? I want her to drive out with me: she does look so ill, and I can't persuade her to leave Arthur."

"Miss Mary knows he will not be neglected, at all events," answered Cecil. "I noticed how very ill she was looking this morning. Take Mr. Laurence's advice, Miss Sutherland. The air will refresh you: I am sure your head aches sadly."

"It does," said Mary, pressing her hand to her temples; "though I don't know how you could tell that. Well, Aleck, it seems ungracious to refuse you: I will go a short way."

"Then be off, and I will bring the pony round to the door."

"The side-door, please, dear," said Mary, running after him; "and then Archy will not be disturbed by the wheels."

Aleck shrugged his shoulders somewhat impatiently as he disappeared.

"Aleck will not believe in poor Archy's danger," said Mary, sadly, as she returned; "and tries to persuade me all will yet be well."

"It is natural for the young to be hopeful, Miss Mary; and one cannot see Mr. Laurence's healthful elasticity and bloom without feeling that his has been a very slight experience of sickness."

"Yes, thank God, dear Aleck knows of suffering only by its name," she answered; "yet even he must have been shocked had he seen Archy's face as I saw it last night."

"To me its beauty—I mean its inner and heavenly beauty—shines more radiantly than even through the human weakness; and should we grieve, dear Miss Mary, if God is indeed purifying, through suffering, that gentle spirit?" Mary covered her face with her trembling hands. "I wish I could give you more of my own feeling, dear Miss Sutherland," he went on; "not more hope, but rather more trust. Do not let yourself dwell so constantly upon the future. I know it is hard; but I think it is possible to leave that in God's hands, and to believe that, however we may suffer, the beloved one will be tenderly dealt with, and taken home whenever the fit hour *does* come, by the smoothest road, and with the gentlest hand. We are, both of us, a pleasure and a comfort to dear Archy; and that is some consolation, is it not? I have just altered his position, and he seems inclined to sleep. To make you quite easy (for you must enjoy your ride, or poor Mr. Laurence will be disappointed), I shall sit outside his door till you return. It is a little a-jar, so I shall hear the slightest movement."

Mary looked up. There were tears in her eyes, but they had not fallen; and her expression was softened and peaceful. Without speaking, she extended her hand to Mr. Norton as she was leaving the room, and he held it for an instant closely in his own.

Could she have looked back ten minutes afterwards, she would scarcely have recognized the man she had left. The strong, silent nature on which she so unconsciously leaned for support, was in wild revolt against long-imposed restraint—the unspoken love was, for the time, too great a burden to be borne. As the carriage-wheels rolled away, Cecil Norton ceased his hasty stride across the room; and, throwing himself into a chair, rocked to and fro as though in bodily suffering. "I can bear to see her happy," he muttered; "I can still my beating heart, and forget my anguish in her joy. But her tears, and that look—that piteous look—how can I endure that? O, for the power to clasp her to my bosom! to shield her in my heart of hearts! Can I not soothe her into smiles? can I not read her thoughts when he dreams not of them? does she not answer to my looks, and follow the lightest guiding of my hand? But this is madness! Away, wild dream! She has given her heart; dowered him with her love—" And he left the room, repeating to himself—

"And thou, too, whose'er thou art,  
As one by one thy hopes depart,

Be resolute and calm.

O fear not, in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long,  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer, and be strong."

#### CHAPTER VIII.

THE next time Aleck Laurence paid the Sutherlands a visit, it was to bring them the news of Amy's wedding. Even he had not been permitted to be present; and the bride, leaving an affectionate message for her cousin and her old schoolfellow, had left her home without a direct farewell to either. Mary felt sad and puzzled; and even Aleck's handsome face wore a look of depression, as though the loss of his old playmate affected him more nearly than most other things had the power to do.

"Let us look for Norton and your mother," he said, after they had been sitting alone some time. "We seem both to have symptoms of the 'blues' this evening."

"Yes, I think you do at last share my anxiety for Amy, in spite of your friendship for Harry Evans. I only wish that you had taken my view of the matter earlier."

"I? And what in the world could I have done in it? I wish you would not talk so, Mary."

"Amy thought more of your opinion than of any one's else. I know that, and she told me herself."

"Told you what?" interrupted he, hastily.

"That she had taken no advice but yours. If you had chosen to use your influence, Aleck, you might have prevented the engagement. I don't know why she accepted him, I'm sure."

"Well, you are an odd girl, Mary! What could she have done better? Suppose he has been a little bit wild, and led a gay life, it is only what every man of fortune does, too! He's not a bad-looking fellow; and he is clever, which you women think so much of. Then she will have a handsome set-out, and everything she can wish for. What the deuce would you have more?"

"Never mind, Aleck dear. I never could make you understand what I mean. Let us go into the library."

They found Mr. Norton alone. "Mrs. Sutherland is with Archy," he said, as they entered. "She has just been telling me a piece of news: I had no idea Miss Laurence was to be married so soon."

"It has been a very sudden thing, altogether," answered Mary.

Aleck, who was walking restlessly about the room, interrupted her. "I should like to see Arthur to-night," he said. "Do you think he is well enough?"

Mary looked pleased. Aleck had seemed to her strangely indifferent to her brother's sufferings; and this was the first time he had himself proposed to pay the sick room a visit.

"What do you say, Mr. Norton?" she asked, turning to Cecil.

"I am sure Archy will be pleased to talk with Mr. Laurence for a short time; but he has seemed so poorly to-day that he will be easily fatigued. You had better go up to his door at once," he added; "Mrs. Sutherland is there, and will let you in."

"The loss of your friend has made you look grave, Miss Mary," said Cecil, as Aleck left the room. "You have known each other for many years, I think."

"Yes; and I cannot feel at all satisfied about this marriage. Perhaps I am prejudiced, for I never liked Mr. Evans."

"I can imagine that his manners and conversation would be distasteful to you. Your friend thinks differently, you see," he added, smiling.

"I wish I was sure that he had her affection, with her vows of fidelity," she said sadly, half to herself.

"If there is any doubt of that, you have indeed cause for regret and anxiety: but I had thought so highly of Miss Laurence. There is a womanly dignity about her which forbids one to suppose —"

"O! do not misjudge Amy. I have found her only too noble and self-forgetting. But there is a mystery about this marriage which I cannot fathom. I ought not to have spoken of it so thoughtlessly, but it made me unhappy."

"I do not wonder at that," he answered, gravely. "The very possibility of such a marriage must be strange and painful to you."

"I am so glad you say so; for it is — it is, indeed — it altogether puzzles me. However, it is all over now, beyond the hope of remedy; and I suppose I must think of it as little as I can."

They sat for a minute or two in silence, and then Mary passed through the balcony into the garden. Cecil leant forward to watch her as she disappeared amongst the trees. "Pure spirit," he said, "how should'st thou know aught of the world's sordid baseness! To thee all that is gross and mean may well seem strange! O, for the power to guide and guard thee!" He was lost in thought, picturing, as was his wont, what would be her future lot, when a cry, apparently from the garden, made him start to his feet. Hastily passing down the steps, he crossed the lawn, to what he knew was Mary's favorite retreat — a tangled shrubbery, skirting the garden on one side, and now strewn thickly with the decaying leaves.

She was crouching amongst them. "O, Mr. Norton," she cried, as he came up, "look here! Is it really dead? It was such a gentle creature!"

He looked down. A white kitten, Mary's latest pet, lay upon the leaves at her feet. It might have been sleeping, but that the long soft hair round the throat was all ruffled and stained with blood.

"I am afraid it has been killed by a dog," said he.

"Then it must have been Watch! Poor little creature, I remember how it used to cling to me when the dog came in. I have often felt its heart fluttering with terror."

Mr. Norton lifted it up, and laid it gently on her lap. "I will take it in doors," she said; "perhaps it is not quite dead."

Aleck met them on the steps. "What have you got there?" he asked. "What! kitty: poor little beggar! I am afraid that is Master Watch's doing. But, Mary, you never have been crying over a dead cat! Well, my dear, how you will ever get through the world, I don't know, I am sure."

"Archy was so fond of it," she said, sobbing anew.

"Miss Sutherland is hardly herself to-day," remarked Mr. Norton, deprecatingly. "Poor Archy's increased illness has depressed us all; and then you know she has just lost her friend, your cousin."

But Aleck did not understand that there are moments when a word, a touch, will make the full heart overflow. He could not read the struggling thoughts which had crowded up at that sight of death, and made no reply to Cecil's appealing look. He turned to Mary. "Give poor pussy to me. She is quite dead, you see. I will make a little grave for her in the dark walk, where the violets come so early. It must have been killed instantly," he added, as he took it from her knees, "and most likely without even seeing the dog; for it seems to have been seized by the back of the neck."

"I am glad of that," said poor Mary; "it was so very timid."

"Timid," repeated Aleck, rather contemptuously — "why, all cats are cowards: and a combat with Watch would be no joke, I can tell you."

"It was unusually timid, whatever you may say," replied Mary, angrily. "Its mother was an Angora cat; and they are much more easily frightened and more affectionate than English cats."

Aleck laughed. "I don't pretend to understand the family peculiarities of cats, I confess. I leave that to you and Mr. Norton. What a ridiculous muf the man looks," he continued, pointing out of the window. At another time Mary would have smiled, for she

had a keen sense of the humorous; and there was something funny in Mr. Norton's grave face and deliberate walk as he crossed the grass—a spade under his arm, and the little cat held with an awkward carefulness in both his hands. Now, however, Aleck's ill-advised tone had already irritated her. "Yes, of course he is ridiculous, if he is doing me a kindness," she replied. "Everything is ridiculous that shows a feeling heart; I wonder you have not found out that loving me is a ridiculous weakness."

"You are very unreasonable, Polly," answered Aleck, looking annoyed. "I cannot understand these stormy fits all about nothing."

"No; you never can understand anything I feel. Whether it is about Archy's illness, or Amy's marriage, it is all the same. I am checked and scolded for everything I say or do!"

"Scolded! Come, Mary! I don't think I do much in that line, though I do so often contrive to vex you."

Mary's momentary hastiness passed away beneath the greater kindness of his tone. "Not so very often, dear, and then through some foolishness of my own," she said, humbly; and stooping, she kissed his hand as it lay upon the chair. The young man did not return her caress: a sullen expression had settled down over his handsome face.

"Shall I come the day after to-morrow or not?" he asked, after a pause.

"You always have spent the evening with me on my birth-day, Aleck. Are you too vexed with me to come this time?"

"Vexed! I have not been vexed at all that I am aware of. Only, as I am not quite so easily riled up as you, Mary, you must allow me the privilege of not forgetting hard words so readily."

Mary sighed. "I will try and cure myself of being passionate," she said, taking his hand in her own, and again kissing it. Young Laurence took no notice of the gesture. "Well, I shall look in if I have time," he said, rising to go. "Good by, Polly. By the bye, I quite forgot that Archy wanted you. He really does look bad to-day."

Mary flew past him to her brother's room. He was alone and she was struck by his appearance. His eyes looked unnaturally large, and his face had a drawn and painful expression. With a strong effort she swallowed the rising tears. "Did you want me, darling?" she asked.

"Yes; I wanted you to comfort me, to teach me resignation, sister of mine."

"I teach you, Archy?"

"Nay, poor child, 'tis true you cannot. You will need a comforter yourself." He moved uneasily on his pillow, and looked at

her long and wistfully. "Am I much altered?" he asked abruptly.

Mary tried in vain to steady her voice. "Why do you ask, love?"

"Shall I tell you, wee woman? Shall I confess my weakness? You know, Polly, that I have not heretofore been wanting in resignation. From my birth I have been but a poor creature, always ailing; yet I have been patient—have I not? Now, when I most need it, I can summon strength no longer, and am rebelling against a God of mercies. Not that I would live. I know that cannot be: but O! I would not die yet. Do you think that I must? that God will not spare me a little longer?"

Mary shook with suppressed sobs: she could not utter a single word.

"You may have forgotten it, dear," he resumed, as he tossed restlessly on the bed, "but if I only live till the spring—the 7th of February, is it not?—I shall be of age, and can leave my mother and you in comfort and plenty. If I am taken before then, there will be no dowry for my little sis.; and my poor mother, in her lonely old age, must want for all the comforts she has been accustomed to. This, Mary, to me is the bitterness of death. Like the dying girl in Tennyson's song—'I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.'"

There was a long pause in the sick room, while Mary nerved herself to reply. She did not dream of combating his conviction, for she had seen that inexplicable look on his face which she felt instinctively to be the seal of death: she was only struggling with herself, so as best to comfort him. "Dearest," she whispered at last, "I have no need of a marriage portion. Aleck is young and strong. He will work for me, and will take my mother to his heart as a son. Do you fear to leave her with us, dear brother? O! it shall be the labor of my life to fill your place."

"I know it will," he answered; "and I ought to leave it in the hands of God, and trust to His mercy; but I cannot—I cannot. Mary," he said, again, after a pause, "do you think all is going on well with Aleck? Nay, do not look so startled, love. I only ask, because—because it struck me that his expression changed greatly when I mentioned this. It was natural, dear; for it took him by surprise. I think he had forgotten on what terms we held this property. Still, if he has prospered since your engagement, it cannot affect him very much, can it?"

"And did he not say so?" asked Mary, her heart swelling with indignation. Arthur made no reply. "He might at least have feigned it," she muttered between her teeth.

"Archy, I cannot answer your question.

Aleck has always been reserved with me, and I know absolutely nothing of his affairs: yet, my loved, my darling brother, trust to me. If the most watchful affection, the most tender care, can make my mother happy, she shall be so. I will work for her night and day, if needs be; and I will love her—O, I will love her so, that even while she mourns her angel-boy, she shall confess she never was so loved before."

The dying lad seemed soothed by her earnest words, and said little more. He laid his wasted temple on her shoulder, and, exhausted by his agitation, sank into a feverish sleep.

## CHAPTER IX.

THAT night was a fearful one for the Sutherlands. A wintry storm raged around the house, and shook its casements; but it was nothing to the terror which reigned within. Arthur awoke from the fevered sleep which succeeded his conversation, in wild delirium; and little hope was given them that he would see the morning's light. His mother hung over him with glazed eyes that knew not the solace of a tear; and Mary knelt hour after hour in an agonized appeal to Heaven, which, wordless as it was, was so mighty in its anguish that she felt as if it could not be refused. And it was not. Towards daybreak the cries of suffering and delirium gradually ceased. He slept; and each gasping breath was heard with speechless gratitude. Mary wondered at herself as she passed slowly, with stiff and aching limbs, from his room. She felt as if that one night had aged her years. The conversation of the evening before seemed to have receded far away. There was a dull aching at her heart when she remembered that Aleck had stood beside that death-bed, and uttered no word to calm the poor, wistful face; she even grieved for herself that her betrothed should at such a time, and in such a presence, cast one regretful thought on the loss of her marriage portion. But it all seemed to have happened long, long ago.

She entered the library, and threw herself upon the sofa. How remote and strange, in that faint, gray light, looked the traces of yesterday and its employments—the scraps of work, the open work-box, and unfolded newspaper. Even the curtains had been left undrawn in the agitation of the previous night; and, though she fain would have darkened the room, the effort of rising seemed beyond her power. Her sleep had been constantly disturbed of late, and after the terror and conflict of the last few hours she longed to close her eyes in forgetfulness. But her thoughts wandered away, as if independent of control, to the most trivial subjects. At

one moment the paper on the wall took grotesque shapes in the twilight; then a glove she had dropped in crossing the room annoyed her, by the unnatural posture in which the hand appeared to lie. The gusty wind, wailing down the chimney, and flapping the broad ivy-leaves against the window, soothed her at last into rest. As she slept, it seemed that she had left the earth, and was sailing through the ether towards heaven, upborne by the wings of an angelic figure, whose face resembled Arthur's. The clear, cold air seemed to pierce her frame, and to make her shudder. Suddenly the atmosphere grew warmer; something touched her, and she awoke. She felt that a covering had been laid over her, and that some one knelt at her feet. Presently, half-uttered and broken words reached her ear.

"O, my God! my God! why must *she* suffer thus? Lay thy hand upon me, but spare—O spare, this tenderest of thy creatures!" It was little more than a stifled whisper, yet Mary caught every word. Could it be Aleck, moved for once from his cold composure by the sight of her woe-worn face? But, no. Her feet were clasped to a beating heart; and, light as was the pressure, *his* arms had never held her, in his fondest moments, with such passion in their grasp. She felt that kisses, wild and despairing as that clasp, rained upon her dress and feet; and her heart seemed to beat aloud, and almost to suffocate her with its violence. Ever and anon, while those clinging arms were still around her, she heard the quivering voice again; but now it was only her name, coupled with epithets of passionate fondness.

How long a time passed in this struggle, Mary knew not. She felt at last that the kneeling figure arose, and moved to the window. She opened her eyes, and there, drawing the curtains together, stood Cecil Norton.

Her gaze was fascinated upon him, and she watched him turn, and, raising her glove from the ground, thrust it into his bosom. Before he had lifted his head, she closed her eyes, and heard him slowly pass from the room, saying to some one who apparently was approaching, that "Miss Sutherland was sleeping, and must not be disturbed."

Mary felt as if an earthquake had opened at her feet. At first she was lost in amazement that this weight of love should be lavished upon *her*. Then came crowding memories of the many times she might have read it long ago, had she been less blind; and, last of all, with the sting of self-reproach, arose the consciousness that her own heart had answered, in every trembling fibre, to the despairing appeal of his. In vain she denied it; in vain the torrent of her tears rained down. They could not wash away that bitter

memory; and as she pondered further, too well she recalled the many instances in which, unregarded and unchecked, Cecil's approval had been the prize for which she had looked and labored. In vain she tried to forget the proofs of his influence over her with which the past was teeming. Memory would not bestilled. Had she not sought out the books he loved, the subjects of which he had spoken? Had she not looked for his sympathy, and treasured it as her best solace in every little trouble? She remembered how vivid and tedious had been the year of his absence, and how his unlooked-for return, even though coupled with her brother's illness, had brought a strange flow of spirits to her heart which she had never sought to analyze. She did not confess, even then, that she loved him; but she felt there were chords in her heart of hearts of which Aleck Laurence never dreamt, and which vibrated to the touch of Cecil's hand. Poor Mary! Memory did not spare her. It even brought back her mother's long-forgotten warning, and she bowed her head in utter self-abasement.

To crown her misery, Arthur — the tender, thoughtful brother, on whom she leaned for support and counsel, and whose sweet patience had fulfilled her ideal of all that was holy and self-denying — was passing away, in anguish and delirium, to that silent land where her grief could never move him more.

With speechless yearning did she long that her dream might be fulfilled, and that he might guide her yet, even through the valley of the shadow of death, and into the silent grave.

It was long before she slept again; but nature demanded rest, and at last her sobs were hushed. When she opened her swollen eyelids, it was with the conviction that that kneeling figure, those clinging arms, had been but the phantoms of her brain. Alas! whose hand had closed the curtains, to guard her sleep? where was the glove she had dropped upon the floor? Mary tottered to her brother's door. Strange to say, he was better, far better, than he had been for weeks. Nature had rallied after her hard-won victory. Mr. Norton passed her as she entered; he was very pale, and his massive features looked sunken and haggard. "He is so much better," he whispered; but Mary felt that his smile was called up only to reassure her. There was a deep pathos in his eyes, which it could not touch.

She was surprised to find how long she had slept. The red November sun was setting; and as its beams rested on Arthur's head, her heart leapt with renewed hope. The face was fuller, and altogether younger-looking, than it had been since the beginning of his illness. She kissed him, and ex-

changed a smile with her mother. "Have you seen anything of Aleck, dear?" asked Mrs. Sutherland. "I sent to tell the Laurences this morning that our dear boy had been very sadly, and thought he would perhaps have been here by this time."

Mary shook her head. "He will come tomorrow, at all events, mamma: it is my birth-day."

"Will you sit with Archy a little bit, Mary? The doctor says he must take as much nourishment as possible, and I want to make some more jelly for to-night."

"I came to stay with him," she answered. "I ought to make myself of some use after my long, lazy sleep."

"I am glad you have slept, darling," said Arthur, as the door closed after his mother. "You look so worn and weary; so unlike my own bonnie Mary."

The tone of fondness went to Mary's heart, and she sank on her knees by his bedside. "I have been unhappy, Archy," she said, tremulously.

"About me, love?"

"Yes, but not solely: and to-day you look so much better."

"I am, Polly. I have no pain, and feel almost strong enough to get up. But what has grieved my little sis.?"

"You know, dear, what you told me about Aleck. I have been thinking of it, and it pains me more than you would believe. It is so unlike what you, or even I, should have done. That and other things weigh upon me, Archy; and, it may be wrong, but I cannot help feeling sad and doubtful about our future."

Her voice had sunk to a whisper, and she hid her face in the coverlid of the bed; yet it was an inexpressible relief to have made the confession.

Arthur evinced no surprise. "And yet Aleck loves you," he said, gently; "and I have thought, dearest, that your affection for him was even overweening in its warmth."

"I have often felt I had more love to give him than he needed," she answered, simply; "and the fondness he did not care to have has laid cold upon my heart. But it is not that, Archy. I do love him. Not as I thought I should in the old, girlish days gone by; yet enough, until of late, for my happiness."

"And what, my darling, has shaken that peace?"

"Must I tell you, Archy?"

"I may be able to help you, dear; and it is possible that God may not see fit to give us another opportunity of communing together."

Mary flung her arms passionately around

him, as though their frail hold could tether the spirit to earth; but for some minutes she did not speak. "It seems to me," she said at length, "as plainly, Archy, as if God's voice had said it, that he made me to love as once I dreamt of loving—as I never have loved Aleck."

"Do not weep, my dearest sister, nor look so conscience-stricken. There is no sin in this; and long since I foresaw that it would be so. Perchance it is a burden God himself has laid upon you. It may be that this loving nature, if every tendril had taken root, would too firmly have bound you to the earth. Now will these unfulfilled desires draw your thoughts away tenderly, yet surely, to that haven where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest; where I, too, whom you have so loved, shall have gone before. Nay, Mary, my prayer has been, 'O! spare me a little ere I go hence.' It seems that God has heard that cry. Yet do not deceive yourself: something tells me that it will not be for long; that the cord is well nigh unloosed."

Mary clung to him more closely than before; and, through her blinding tears, eagerly scanned his face. Something of that indescribable look which she had already noted had stolen over it, and a sudden sense of coming desolation flashed across her spirit. "Archy," she said, "if, indeed, you must leave me to bear this alone, listen yet a little further. You have counselled me to bear it as from the hand of God. What if it involve Aleck's peace with my own? What if I know, and with shame and agony confess, that one *has* crossed my path whom my spirit acknowledges as its master, and whom I could love with the whole strength of my nature? Shall I bury this secret in my heart, and so requite poor Aleck's early trust? O! Archy, Archy, what shall I do? Why did I not listen to my mother's counsels?"

Arthur looked startled and pained. "My poor Mary," he said, "this is sad, indeed, sad: above all, for Aleck. He would be sorely wronged by your concealing it, yet I know not how to advise you at this moment. You never can be Aleck's wife; that would be forfeiting your truth and honor:"—he paused, and his brow contracted—"surely no one has spoken to you of love, while you were the betrothed of another?"

"No! no! there has been no sin, no folly, but mine. Would that I only could suffer!"

"You must not blame yourself too harshly, dearest," he said; for her despairing tone and attitude grieved him. "You were young, very young in spirit when you made your choice, and are not the first, by many

and many a one, who has made it in error. But I am weary, Polly—I think I could sleep. Could you pray with me, my darling?"

Mary calmed herself as best she could, and, kneeling down, repeated a short evening prayer which they had both learnt at their mother's knees. She had scarcely concluded before her brother dropped asleep; and, wearied out by conflicting feelings, she stole to her own room, without seeing her mother again.

#### CHAPTER X.

MARY awoke, the morning of her birth-day, with a sore consciousness that some great change had passed over her life. She had forgotten to wind up her watch the night before; and all was silent in the house. But the sound of passing feet, and of opening and closing doors, seemed to have come to her through her sleep; and she dressed in haste, fearing that it was late.

She tried, as she did so, to shut out the memory of yesterday's strife. Arthur must be her guide and stronghold: she would forget her doubts until she could lay them at his feet, and she would shape her future by his words. She passed from her own room very softly to the door of his, and turned the lock slowly, and with care—he might be sleeping. Why did she pause upon the threshold, and clasp her hands together with that sudden thrill of terror? Kneeling by the bedside was Cecil Norton; and it was his face which arrested her feet, and made her very heart stand still. Earthly passion had faded away from it long since, though it was more pale and worn than ever. Large drops stood in the eyes which were fixed upon the bed, but an awe-stricken grief, too deep for tears, seemed to forbid their falling. Mary stepped forward with a faint cry, and moved aside the curtains. One glance was enough: he *was* sleeping, but not the sleep of life. No cry of hers could bid those heavy lids unclose, or draw one word of comfort from those sealed lips. There was nothing of suffering or sorrow upon the face; only a trance stillness—"the rapture of repose."

Arthur Sutherland had died in Cecil's arms that morning, without a struggle or a sigh; and he, wishing to spare poor Mary as long as it was possible, had entreated that her rest might not be broken into with the news of her loss.

We cannot but hope, sometimes, in our ignorance and weakness, that the spirits of the loved and lost are withheld from the knowledge of what passes on earth. Arthur Sutherland would surely have mourned, even where all tears are wiped away, could he

have seen the anguish of his mother, and the utter desolation of poor Mary, that week. She gave way uncontrolled to the full tide of her sorrow, shutting herself up in her room, and refusing access to any; and still, through the fond recollection of her dead brother, of his frail childhood, and his sweet, patient youth, came the image of her lover. She wept anew, as she remembered how little sympathy he had shown at any time for the gentle sufferer, whom all besides loved and pitied, and how brief and few had been his visits to the sick room—and other memories would come too. It was hard, strive as she might, to forget the tender hand that had fulfilled, as if by instinct, every wish of the dying lad—hard to shut out the consciousness that there had been a loving watchfulness following her own footsteps, and soothing her with unspoken sympathy, such as Aleck had never shown. But it gave her no pleasure; or, if it did, it added a sharp pang: for Aleck's face as first she had known it—young and bright, and warmed into a loving earnestness by the first glow of passion—arose before her; his beautiful eyes pleading as they once had done. And again she longed, with an eager thirst, that the struggle of her life were over, and her throbbing heart at rest beside her brother.

Mr. Norton spared the bereaved mother much that would have been exquisitely painful. No hand but his smoothed the fair features and wasted limbs for their last rest. He managed all the sad details of his commission to the grave, and followed him there with a heartfelt sorrow that satisfied even her!

It was not until all was over, and they were bereaved indeed, that Mary consented to see Aleck Laurence; and it was then without any fixed plan of action, and dreading nothing so much as a display of tenderness on his part. She saw, even as he entered, that that fear at least was groundless; for the old expression of sullenness, such as she had often striven in happier moments to drive away, was unmistakably apparent.

"It was a strange whim to shut yourself up in this way, Polly," he said, after saluting her rather coldly. "I have actually been to the house three times since last Wednesday."

The absence of anything like condolence in his words, and his careless mention of the day on which her brother died, sent an angry pang through Mary's heart. "I have suffered too much since then," she answered, "to bear your cold comments upon my sorrow. I never expected you to sympathize with it; but you can at least refrain from intruding upon what you do not understand.

Besides, what cause had I to wish for your presence, Aleck? You all but ridiculed my anxiety when my darling Arthur was fading into the grave before my eyes! Day after day, as he lay upon his death-bed, you held aloof, and never sought to wile away one hour of pain and weariness! What was there, when at last I saw him lying cold and still, to make me turn to you as I might have done, and weep out my sorrow in your arms?—nothing!"

"Really, Mary, I don't see how I am to blame. Of course I should have visited him oftener if I had had any idea he was going so soon, poor fellow! I could not very well come over on the Tuesday, when your mother sent to say he was worse, for I had a particular engagement; but I have been here three times since, as I told you. And I must say I think it very absurd of you, dear, to shut yourself up in the way you have done. Such romantic grief can do him no good now, and —"

"Hush, Aleck!" said Mary, vehemently, her eyes flashing through her tears. "Beware how you force upon me more strongly than ever the bitter truth that we were never made for each other's happiness, and that, in my future life by your side, I shall be wounded at every step by a callous nature that will never dream of the anguish it inflicts."

"I have no desire to force any such life upon you," he answered, in a tone of suppressed anger. "You made your own choice, it is true; but I can forgive your having been mistaken. I had no idea, I can assure you, of this stormy temper being let loose upon me at every touch and turn: it does not make my future look very promising."

"Aleck! I take you at your word, and I thank God that you can so easily forgive my mistake. 'Twill be no such easy task to me, homeless and bereaved as I am, to stand up in this hard world, unloved and lonely; but, whatever it may cost me, I had rather a thousand times endure than wreck your happiness with my own. I am as God made me. I cannot be checked and schooled into the chill restraint you would have, nor do I envy you your coldness. O! Aleck, Aleck! did you not stand by Archy's side, and hear unmoved the doubt and grief that made death more terrible to his trembling spirit, and yet utter never a word of comfort? It is not that you are sordid; I could forgive that more readily; but —"

"You do not know all," interrupted he, in the same angry tone; "or even you would scarcely have looked for a romantic display of disinterestedness on my part. I have had losses of late; many and serious ones. Besides, if Arthur had not been more thin-

skinned than any other created being but yourself, he would not ——”

“Enough, Aleck. His very name is sacred now. Dismiss it forever from your lips. You have not a soul to comprehend the angelic spirit which has passed away from us. O, hold!” she added, “for pity’s sake! The sun has never shone here, since he closed his eyes upon it.”

But Aleck appeared not to hear her; and even as she spoke drew completely away from the window the heavy curtain, which, as she said, had never been withdrawn since the morning of Arthur’s death. They were in his room; and the garish light, flooding with its unheeding gladness each memento of the dead, overcame all Mary’s remaining composure. Her tears had fallen fast as she spoke, and often choked her words. Now hysteric sobs swelled up, one after the other, with a force she could not resist; and Aleck’s chiding voice only changed them into unmeaning laughter. Her mother and the servants entered in alarm; and Aleck, regretting for the hundredth time “Mary’s sad want of self-restraint,” left her to their care. He did not think it; but he had looked his last on Mary Sutherland — or rather, he never held speech with her again.

As she regained her composure, and was lying with her head upon her mother’s bosom, she told her, without preface or comment, that their parting must be forever. Mrs. Sutherland looked startled and even shocked.

“Then our only hope must be in God,” she said despairingly, “for we are friendless indeed! I had so fondly dwelt, my poor child, upon your happiness; picturing you, at least, as safely sheltered from the cold buffets of the world. O, my dearest girl, pause, I implore you, ere you take this step! God knows I would not urge you either way; but you have been so well-content, so safe; and you must now be so desolate and unfriended. It cannot be very long before my gray hairs are laid in sorrow in the grave. I have been for years so wrapt up in my beloved boy, that I have cut myself off from old acquaintanceship and even friendship. What will there be for you? I had my doubts of your peace once. You know it, dearest: but of late ——”

“Do not add to my remorse, mother. Too well I remember your first words of warning. Each time I have felt, with an aching heart, that Aleck and I were ill suited to each other. Those words have rung in my ears — but I cannot pause now, if I would: the die is cast. O! take me to your breast, mother: we are both sorrow-stricken and lonely: let us be all in all to each other. He is cold; cold at heart; and it will be my comfort that, though this is my act, I shall suffer far

more than he. He never loved poor Archy. He never warmed to me; he did not ask for such love as I could give; he did not need it; and it has returned to chill my bosom, and gathered there, and choked me.”

“My poor child! Too well I know that stifled anguish, borne day by day in silence. We *will* be all in all to each other. Will your mother’s bruised and weary heart satisfy you? Will there be no sickening regret? no wild longing for something yet nearer?”

Mary’s consciousness awoke; and, with a sudden pang, she hid her burning face. “What can be nearer?” she whispered.

“True, my beloved child. Of our future we must not think just yet. There will be a little left to us; and, even if it is necessary to give up this place, with all its precious memories, I hope I shall be enabled to say, ‘God’s will be done.’” She looked round regretfully. Her boy had been cradled there, and every spot seemed sanctified by his presence. “Mary, dear,” she resumed, “I have a letter for you — I believe from Amy. See what she says.”

“It may be the last I shall ever receive from her,” said Mary, sadly, as she took it. “She loved her cousin so that she will never forgive me. How strange have our lives been ordered! She certainly is not happy. Well, perhaps that may teach her to judge me mercifully.”

“Strangely ordered, indeed, if she has really been tried as my beloved boy believed. Your eyes question me, my love. ’T was but a supposition, and he charged me never to name it. As you say, she is not happy. There is a restless under-current beneath her calmest words, which tells of some hidden wound.”

“I think so, mother; but, whatever it be, it may yet be healed, or at least be lulled to rest, if she be only blessed with children.”

Mrs. Sutherland shook her head slowly. “Heaven-sent and glorious gifts as they are, they make us weep,” she said. “But, my love, do you know really how lonely we are to-night?”

Mary started, and felt the blood leave her cheek and lips. Could *he* have deserted them? His half-avowed passion might, indeed, as she had almost persuaded herself, have been but the yearning of a nature rich in love and pity towards the sufferings of a weaker creature. But could he leave her? Could he find it in his heart to withdraw his sympathy, just as death and change had so desolated their hearth? She did not answer; and Mrs. Sutherland, thinking she had not heard the question, went on. “It was hard to part with Mr. Norton; for he is endeared to me, more than words can tell, by his devotion to my boy. But I could not press his re-

maining: we owe him already more than we can ever repay. He did not ask to see you, Mary; but then he knew you were with Aleck Laurence. He left this for you, my love." And, rising, she put a small parcel into Mary's hand.

It was a copy of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," with her name, and the date of her brother's death, upon the title-page.

#### CHAPTER XI.

COULD Arthur Sutherland have looked back six months after his death, he would scarcely have recognized in Mary the child-like, buoyant nature which had been the greatest charm of his short and painful life; and he would have seen his old home almost as much changed. Mrs. Sutherland's now slender means would not support the establishment they had hitherto kept up; and the house, which remained in her possession for life, was far larger than she and Mary could possibly require; yet she would cheerfully have endured privation, and even want, rather than have left its roof. As it happened, it had two entrances, and admitted well of being divided; so, retaining a few rooms, amongst which was Arthur's study, for their own use, the remainder, with the garden, was let to a neighbor, who fortunately took it off their hands at once.

To Mrs. Sutherland it was a mournful consolation to rest upon the pillow where her child had rested last—to tread the ground his feet had pressed; and, while such associations nursed her grief, they certainly softened its first acuteness. With Mary, however, it was far otherwise. She could not comprehend the solace her mother found by Arthur's grave; it but renewed her burning tears and wild longings for his presence. It may have been that she needed Mrs. Sutherland's graver years and longer experience of sorrow to mould the temper of her grief; or, perhaps, her ardent and impassioned nature could not be otherwise than lacerated by the constant recurrence to her past life and its vanished happiness. Certain it is that day by day she faded, and her face habitually wore a subdued and patient look, unnatural in one yet in the morning of life. Even her tears were changed, and as she sat by her brother's window, her favorite haunt in by-gone days, they would gather slow and heavy in her wistful eyes, without sound or sob.

Every spot around her recalled the dead or the lost, and there seemed no resting-place on any side for her wounded spirit. Amy, as she had foreseen, withdrew her friendship and correspondence, and that with marks of the deepest displeasure; and Aleck Laurence, with little generosity or delicacy, crossed her path on every possible occasion.

Yet she could not believe, in spite of his assumed indifference, that he had so readily forgotten the past; and her self-reproach, when she remembered that *her* hand had clouded his young life, was harder to bear than all besides.

She never regretted her decision, however. As her judgment matured, and she grew under the silent influences of her present life, a wide chasm appeared to separate her from her former self, and she knew that what had once seemed happiness could not now satisfy her awakened heart, nor fulfil its desires.

And she learnt, too, in the new sense of loneliness which fell upon her, and the aching want which pursued her in every occupation, how one image (all unconsciously) had filled her thoughts, mingled in her day-dreams, and strengthened her in every good and holy purpose. Poor Mary! no word or sign showed that her memory was cherished or even preserved; and as the long slow months sped by, the half-spoken love which had mocked her with its glorious promise, faded away, till it was as some sweet, faint vision of the past. Mrs. Sutherland, engrossed by her sorrow, did not perceive the change in her daughter's aspect until it had long been evident to others, and was only then aroused from her pre-occupation by catching suddenly in Mary's face the peculiar look which Arthur's had so often worn. It was rather an expression of endurance than aught else; but the mother knew it well, and gazed again with eager, searching eyes. Yes, there was the same transparent skin, wasted hands, and drooping figure. She reproached herself bitterly that, in her grief for one child, she had neglected the other; but all her questions could elicit no direct complaint from Mary.

"It were folly, dearest mother," she said, "with our straightened means, to incur the expense of a doctor's visit when I have not a single ailment to lay before him. You must not expect me to be my old self again; you have lost your giddy, foolish child, but you have one quite as fond; will not that satisfy you?"

"Do not speak as though I had blamed you, dearest; you have been my only comfort, but remember, too, you are my only one—I can afford to run no risks."

"But, indeed, mother, I have no ailment worth speaking of; only wait awhile and I shall live down this rebellious heart, and all will be right." But Mrs. Sutherland's fears were not to be silenced, and the medical man, who had attended Arthur, was called in. He had known Mary for some years, and divining at a glance the root of the evil, wisely ordered her immediate change of

scene, especially recommending constant occupation. The very word change roused her from her listlessness; she felt that it would be life to her to throw off, if possible, the clogging memories and tearful associations with which every breath of home was fraught. But how was the expense to be met?—or how could she bear to drag her mother from the spot where her lost child was almost present with her yet? She pondered with something like her former energy upon a more feasible way of carrying out the advice she felt to be so salutary, and before many days had elapsed there appeared in the paper (without Mrs. Sutherland's knowledge, however), an advertisement setting forth poor Mary's acquirements in modest terms, and offering her services in that beaten track which, unfortunately, is the only one open to women in this country. She made no other stipulation but that the children she instructed should be young; and, asking only a moderate remuneration, had several answers without delay. Even this seemed a wonderful success to her self-depreciation, and she marvelled at the elation, so long unfelt, with which she laid the letters before her mother.

Mrs. Sutherland was even more opposed to the plan that she had anticipated; and it required all her powers of reasoning and eloquence to induce her to listen to it at all.

"I shall feel so independent and happy in working for you, dear mother," she said, "and I am of so little use to you here with this unconquerable sinking of my spirits. Only let me go for one year, and I shall come back to you quite strong and wise, and bring a little purse-full of my own earnings, too."

"It is not that I think of my love, nor do I doubt that the occupation would be most salutary. It is the coldness and the slights you may meet with which make me tremble. No, Mary; you have had home-nurture too long, and are by nature too tender, to be sent amongst strangers, and exposed to the humiliations which, alas, too often fall to the lot of women struggling for their bread. We must devise some other means of carrying out this plan."

Mary sighed deeply, but she would not relinquish her post. "I am not now what I once was, mother," she urged; "real sorrow steels the nature against minor trials, as you must know. Besides, there are kind hearts and noble ones in the world; surely I shall meet with some such, if in a healthy spirit I set out earnestly upon my work."

With these and similar arguments she prevailed at last, and wrung from her mother a reluctant consent. Then came the difficulty of deciding between the different offers she

had received; but this, though there was little to guide her, she was not long in doing. One letter offered employment by the seaside, which in itself was a strong temptation, for she felt as if the very sight and smell of the broad free waters would bring life and strength with them. Then, the handwriting was delicate and feminine, and the diction unmistakably that of a gentlewoman; so that Mary, accustomed to trust much to instinct, felt that she could not be very far wrong in the favorable judgment she had formed of the writer.

"It may be foolish, mother," she said, as she conned the letter over, "but the very date looks inviting to me. 'Farleigh Glen!' it sounds like a cool, silent place; and then 'the Grange,' mother! can't you fancy a mossy gray roof, deep-set windows, and a shady old porch? Yes—I think I can trust Mrs. Hardwick; her letter is courteous and considerate."

Mrs. Sutherland smiled. "If it had been Mrs. Smith, Marine Villa, you would not have been so favorably impressed, now. That imagination of yours is a dangerous gift, my child; I sometimes blame myself that its wings were not clipped long ago."

"That is a mistake, mother, dear. Don't you remember what Mr. Norton used to say? He would have the imagination developed like any other faculty, nourished with healthy food, and curbed, if you will, but not clipped away."

"I dare say he was right, my love; at least I always found that his opinions grew upon me, and proved themselves so at last. I do wonder he has never been near us, by the bye; but perhaps he has joined his sister in India."

Mary started; the idea had never occurred to her; but now, as she wrote her acceptance of Mrs. Hardwick's proposal, and set about preparing for her journey, there flitted before her eyes visions of stately palms and slow flowing eastern rivers, and she longed, with the restlessness of a sick heart, to catch but a glimpse of that sea which perchance had borne him from her forever. Yet the home-pangs were stronger than she had fancied. Apart from leaving her mother—the patient gray-haired mother who was now her all—the old house, which she had learnt of late almost to loathe, seemed bound to her heart, now that she was about to forsake it, by many a tie of which she had been unconscious. She begged permission to walk round the garden once more. How every spot was haunted with the mournful spirit of the past! Here was the arbor where Cecil had given her her first lessons in sketching—there the robin-house Aleck had built for her tamed birds. She turned down the broad

centre-walk where the roof of roses contrasted so well with the smooth, yellow pathway below; how often from Archy's window had she watched Aleck's handsome figure framed to such advantage by the waving green around! Her lips quivered, and she hurried into the side-walk; but there, in the glad sunshine, as if it had but just been used and pushed aside, stood her brother's garden-chair. There were the old scratches upon the paint, the old leathern apron a little worn by his knees, and the very footstool she had so often placed under his feet. Then there arose in her heart those bitter and fruitless questionings: why were these things here—the cushion on which he had leaned, the very tree he had sat under—all strong and fresh as ever, and he, the tender, loving spirit, gone?—gone forever from the flowers and the sunshine, shut up in a dark silence from the voice of nature that gladdened all besides? She turned into the shrubbery to weep out her hot tears unseen, and the first thing her eyes rested on was the little mound Mr. Norton had raised over her pet.

Then the past, the happy unthinking past, arose before her more vividly than ever. She seemed to feel again the unbroken sympathy of which she had been conscious in Cecil's presence, and the strange pleasure of hearing her thoughts interpreted by his words. Her protecting and yet reverent love for her dead brother, even the unquestioning happiness of the first days of her betrothal—all, all came crowding back, and with them her old childish pride in Aleck's beauty, and her vague, sweet fancies of a future never to be realized.

She entered the house again so wan and sad that her mother's anxiety woke afresh, and with trembling hands she hastened every preparation for her departure.

#### CHAPTER XII.

"I HAVE not been so much disappointed as I deserved to be, dearest mother," wrote Mary, a few days after she had left her home. "Fairleigh Glen is almost what I pictured it; and the Grange, though small, being only a wing of the old house, is very picturesque—a turreted tower at one end, built by some seafaring ancestor, making it still more so. I found my shady porch, even, and my bay windows; but instead of a mossy gray the house is red, with pointed gables and twisted chimneys, round which the birds wheel dreamily, making it look like some quaint old picture.

"Heavy as my heart was, the kindness of my reception here could not but cheer me. Mrs. Hardwick seems to forget that I am a stranger and a dependent, and instead of complaining of my delicate appearance, as I

nervously dreaded she would do, has taken quite a motherly interest in my health, and begins already to talk of my looking better. She is a gentle, sweet-tempered woman—very fond of her children. My pupils are a boy of eight years old, named Grenville, and his sister Charlotte, about twelve; I cannot tell you how my heart leapt at the sight of the laddie—but you know how I love children, and boys especially. I felt a sudden horror that I should be expected to teach him Latin, and made up my mind at once that I would study all night until I mastered the rudiments, rather than give him up; however, I find he is very backward, owing to delicate health, and the girl likewise, though with her it is simply from a want of tuition. Mr. Hardwick is at sea—but I must tell you of my boy before I go on farther; he is rather a singular-looking child, not pretty, and yet most attractive. Don't think me fanciful if I add that he strongly reminds me of Cecil. There are the same clear eyes that seem to look so far away from out of their earnest depths; the outline of his head, like Cecil's, is beautiful, and there is a promise of the same firmness of mouth and chin. It appears that they have lost several children between these two and the eldest, Alice, a pretty girl just budding into womanhood. I am delighted to have anything so fresh and fair wherewithal to feast my eyes; you know my weakness of old, dear mother, and I find I am no whit nearer a cure than I was three years ago."

And so Mary scribbled on, over more than one sheet of paper, giving her mother a fair idea of the Grange and its inhabitants, but veiling with care the depression which even the kindness of her new friends could not overcome. Mrs. Hardwick's little son was her greatest consolation, both now when his childish confidence and simple love soothed her lonely heart, and later on, when, apt and docile, he drank in her words, and she watched his mind opening from day to day. Whether from an accidental resemblance, or from some fond fancy, the child did recall strongly the face which was her type of intellectual power, of manly tenderness, and of all that she held most noble. The labor of teaching, especially when the time was devoted to him, rather invigorated than wearied her, and the bracing sea breezes brought by degrees a faint color to her face.

The evening hours, when her work was done, were the pleasantest of the day; and yet it was rather a quiet sadness than aught of her old buoyancy which fell upon her then. Little Grenville was often with her at such times, either in the twilight glen or upon the whispering beach; but even his presence, and the pressure of his hand in

hers, or of his little head upon her knees, could not drive away the thoughts of her own home as once it was, nor make her forget that, at that still hour when fond hearts draw together, and parents and children meet together in loving converse, after the glare and noise of the day, she was a stranger beneath a strange roof—a lonely alien from her mother's side.

Still, there was life and strength in her new occupation. She was gratified by Mrs. Hardwick's warm acknowledgments of her attention to the children, and amused, in spite of herself, by the study of character opened to her. It was a strange thing to her to find that Miss Hardwick, rather than her mother, ruled the household, and that, while she had tears to spare for the loss of a dance or a *déjeuner*, she seemed ignorant of the very existence of real sorrow, and utterly unconscious of any real duty or purpose for which she had been sent into the world. Her complete neglect of her mother and sister, and the quiet selfishness with which she accepted her mother's devotion, were sufficient proofs of this; yet Mary found, to her surprise, that she passed in society as an amiable, loveable creature, and that, softened by her youth and beauty, even she felt a kind of compassionate fondness mingle with her contempt for the pretty creature's weakness and egotism.

As the summer set in, the children begged permission to carry on their studies in the open air; but the heat made them fractious, and, for the first time, Mary found some difficulty in exacting obedience. Charlotte was pettish and perverse, and Grenville languid and indifferent. Fortunately for them, Mary's hastiness had long since been tamed, and she patiently asserted her authority, and insisted upon their attention. But it was tedious work, even with her favorite. His eyes, generally fixed inquiringly upon her, would wander over the beach, and, provoked as she was, it was hard to resist his "Please, Miss Sutherland, there's a star-fish kicking—might I put him in the water?" or, "May we dip our hands again, just for a minute; they are so hot." She had reduced them to quietude at last by threatening an immediate return to the hot school-room, when the postman appeared in sight, and little Charlotte was on her feet in an instant.

"May I see if there are any letters, Miss Sutherland? Cousin Grenville was to write to-day, and mamma said we should have a holiday when he came."

"You will forfeit it altogether, my dear," answered Mary, "if I have to repeat that you must sit still while with me. Go to your place, immediately, and be silent."

"Letter for Miss Sutherland!" shouted

the man from behind them. Mary's face flushed, for her mother's letters were always a treat; but turning her head, she said quietly, "Take all to the house, if you please; we are engaged just now;" and resumed her work as steadily as before.

The children were softened into obedience. They felt that she would not grant herself the pleasure she denied to them, and their affection for her was unconsciously increased. It was a relief to all parties when the books were closed, and Miss Hardwick strolled up to them and suggested a sail upon the water.

"How you can be so patient, Miss Sutherland," she said, "I don't know. Little tiresome things! What frights they look, to be sure; wherever did Charlotte get that poke bonnet?"

"I made it her," answered Mary, smiling, "but it was not intended to be ornamental; her skin tans so easily that it is necessary to protect her face."

"It was very kind of you, but I wonder you took the trouble. Charlotte always was a fright, and always will be."

The child reddened, but looked up with a quick, shy smile when Mary answered—"She is much improved in appearance since she took pains with her carriage; and I hope, Miss Hardwick, we shall live to see her a pleasing, as well as a good and clever woman; I prophesy great things for her if she will only persevere as she has begun."

"May I fetch your letter for you, please?" interrupted she, pulling at Mary's dress.

"Yes, dear; thank you. Your feet are quicker than mine, and I want to see it very much."

"Is it from your mamma, do you think?" asked the boy, gently, as his sister ran off.

"All my letters are from her, Grenville."

"Then you haven't any brothers and sisters."

"I had a brother once, dear, and friends besides, whom I loved; but God took him away and parted me from them."

"I did not mean to make you look so sorry," said the child; "would it be rude if I asked another question, only about a small thing?"

"No, my dear, what is it?"

"Charlotte and I want to know your name, Miss Sutherland; I mean your own name that your mamma calls you. We are going to christen her new doll to-day, and we can't think of any name that will do."

"I am afraid mine is not grand enough, Grenville; it is Mary."

"O yes, it is, though; it's just the thing. Dolly is n't pretty enough to be called Alice, but she has a kind face, something like yours."

Mary laughed, and rose to meet Charlotte,

who was running along, letter in hand. She changed color as she took it—it was not her mother's handwriting: could she be ill, and this some frightened neighbor's summons? but no, there was something familiar in the characters—trembling, all but illegible, as they were. She tore it open. The signature, so well known and yet so strangely changed, was full in sight, for there were but three lines. "Amy Evans!" How odd it looked! "Mary," the letter ran, "if you would see me alive, come; and for the sake of our old love, let it be quickly. I have a child, but I shall never hear it call me mother."

The children wondered to see Mary so deadly pale, and Charlotte dragged her chair across the shingle, and put it "comfortably" for her to sit down and rest. But she motioned them aside and turned hurriedly to the house. As she entered she met Mrs. Hardwick. "I fear you have had bad news, my dear," she said kindly, struck by her agitation and pallor. "Can I do anything for you? Come in here and tell me."

"O! I must leave you, Mrs. Hardwick, to-day—now, if you will let me. This is from an old friend, and— and she is dying."

"Not your mother, my poor girl?"

"No, no, thank God! but it is a friend, a dear friend. She has a child, and writes that she is dying."

"She may be mistaken in her real condition, my dear; you must not despair of her recovery. My maid shall put up a few things for you, while you lie down here and compose yourself."

"You are very kind, ma'am; but I could not rest until I have seen her," said Mary. "We were at school together, and were like sisters for years. O! I cannot believe it."

It did not take long in Mary's present frame of mind to put a few necessary articles in her bag, and throw on her shawl and bonnet. Mrs. Hardwick, after vainly pressing her to take some refreshment, drove her to the train, which fortunately passed close by Mr. Evans' estate, taking between two and three hours for the journey. It rattled close by many of her old haunts, and at one time she could even see the spire beneath the shadow of which her brother lay; but the image of Amy, a mother, and dying, shut out all besides; and she lay back in the carriage trying to realize the awful idea, while old memories of the dark-eyed school-girl, in the first freshness of her beauty, seemed to forbid the possibility of death.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

In a darkened room, whose luxurious appointments were but as a mockery, Mary found her friend, face to face with death.

Her voice was changed, and a fierce impetuosity replaced her former softness; but, except for this, and for the exquisite clearness and hectic color of the face, Mary could have fancied, as she stood beside the bed, that it was the beautiful Amy of her school-days, awaking from peaceful sleep.

She received Mary's fond caresses in silence, and rejected, with the utmost impatience, the possibility of her recovery. "This was my mother's doom," she said sternly, "and her fate has descended upon me. What has my life been that I should struggle against it? I knew that my hours were numbered; but those poor weeping creatures around had no peace until they confessed that it was so—I wrung the truth from them. Still, Mary, I must live until I have told you all. Sit down."

"Amy, Amy," entreated Mary, "this is throwing away your chance of life; for your husband's sake, for your child's, cease. What have you to tell me, darling? There can be nothing but what I know. Wait awhile, I will stay near you, and to-morrow we will talk together."

"To-morrow? To-morrow I shall be where you cannot come. What have I to tell you, do you say? Then you guessed my secret; but no, you could never dream *how* I loved him. You who forsook him cannot know what he was to me. From the day I landed, a lonely, shivering child, he drew me towards him; he had my worship; he was my dream by night and by day. I loved you once, Mary—I loved you even when you crossed my path, and shattered my vision of happiness; but what was it to the love I bore him? Did you never guess the secret spring that moved me to form this marriage? Speak, girl!"

But Mary's tears came thick and fast, pouring through her fingers upon the pillow, and choking her utterance. She could only shake her head.

"Know, then, that he held my cousin in his power. By debts of honor far beyond Aleck's means to pay, and by his unholy influence, he was dragging him down—down. I saw it, and thought, poor fool, to stand between them, and save him. I fancied, in the plenitude of my power, that I could draw my husband away, perhaps, to better things, and that Aleck, safe with you, would live in honor, and in the peace I could never know. Henry forgave his debts at my request, and I, satisfied in Aleck's happiness, and never dreaming how I erred, believed that my girlish love had died out forever, and that all would be well. And it might have been—yes, Mary, it might; but then came *your* part. You forsook him. But it was not enough to know that he might have been

mine. In silence I stood by and saw him, forlorn and wretched, fall again into my husband's power—I, who could have made him so blessed! I had sold myself for him, and it was in vain. My God! what that cost me!"

She closed her eyes and paused; Mary hoped that exhaustion, if nothing else, would force her to cease; but after muttering for a moment or two, she spoke again in a weaker voice.

"It was then, Mary, when the wife of one man I felt that I loved another—it was then I called upon God in my desolation to give me a child. I loathed myself, my marriage, my husband, and I longed that the yearning mother-love, the only thing unseared in my heart, might gush forth. I stormed heaven with my prayers. Mine was the cry of Rachel, and it was heard and answered like hers. O! my babe! my poor, lone babe! must I leave thee behind, with my drear fate upon thee, to weep such tears as I have wept? Come with thy mother, child; the grave is dark and chill, but there, at least, thy mother's arms will wind about thee, and shut out the weary, weary world. Mary—is it dark so soon? Kiss me, dear; we loved each other once."

Mary fell upon her neck, and strove to soothe away the agony of her face by promises of love and devotion to her child; but the spirit was gone too far—perchance the voice of cherubim and seraphim o'erpowered the sounds of earth. It must have been so; for lip and eye stirred not, though the child's wailing voice arose; and then Mary knew that the silence of those hushed lips could only be broken by the voice of the Archangel, and the trump of God.

Mary was scarcely more stunned by Amy's death than by the bewildering words which had poured from her dying lips. That she had loved Aleck in secret, from her childhood, was strange enough; but that she had tried to rescue him from Mr. Evans' influence by sacrificing herself, and that, through her own desertion of him, Amy had failed, and lay there now, broken-hearted and dead,—O! it seemed rather some mad, mis-shapen dream, than a real unravelling of that past in which *she* had moved and suffered.

Well it was for her that the motherless child claimed her thoughts, and softened the horror of that day. Again and again she flung herself upon her knees by the bed of death, and, reading nothing, but reproach in the awful beauty of her face, accused herself, and bemoaned the irrevocable past with inexpressible bitterness.

It was only when the wailing babe died upon her knees, and she laid it in those cold arms, that Mary's eyes were opened, and she

read the past aright. Amy's words came back to her—"The wife of one man, I felt that I loved another"—and they rang in her ears a desolate, warning knell.

"No," she whispered, as she knelt for the last time by the beautiful corpse, enfolded in its silken masses of hair—"no, Amy; I was right. He has fallen into sin, and thou—O! it is hard to see thee lying there; yet what could it avail thee to have pressed on another the cup which has poisoned thyself? Not even the voice of thy child, won by such cries, bought by such throes as thine, could heal thine anguish. What, then, must have been the loathings, the desecration, and the shame? Wouldst thou have suffered less had I, too, known that despair? No—no, sweet spirit, thou didst err grievously, but it was in ignorance and in love; the burden was too heavy for thee to bear, and God has taken thee to Himself."

Thus she communed by the dead mother and child through the solemn hours of that night, and the morning found her almost as calm as they. She was very thankful to be spared a meeting with the Laurences, and to see but little of Mr. Evans before she left. He was evidently shocked by the suddenness of his bereavement, but she felt all her old dislike to his bland manner and bold stare revive, as she met him; and, knowing how little union of life and heart there had been between the husband and wife, her aversion was not softened by pity, as it might have been. He pressed her to remain; but the very idea of the pompous funeral and the cold mourners was revolting, and she longed to leave the dark stifling house, where a weight seemed to hang in the silent air. One more shock was in store for her before she crossed the threshold, for, taking up a paper which lay upon the table, she saw, not far from the announcement of Amy's death, that of Aleck Laurence's bankruptcy.

Mary whirled again in the rattling carriages within sight of the village spire, and hard by fields and hedge-rows where she had wandered, carolling for very lightness of heart, in the first golden days of her young love. Yet she did not think of visiting her mother, though comparatively near. In the first place her stipulated holiday was to be in the autumn, six weeks to come, and she could not feel easy in forsaking her post longer than was necessary; then all her newly-gained strength was shaken; visions of the mother and child folded together in that strange silence, and of Aleck, tempted, sinning, and ruined, swam before her eyes; and she knew that she was ill prepared to face the associations of home.

The sight of the sea as she neared Fairleigh, and its solemn chaunt, as it lay, like

a silver shield beneath the sun, quieted and awed her spirit; yet it seemed to her that Amy's life and her own had been much akin to those tossing, aimless waves, driven hither and thither upon a stormy shore, until one, faint and worn, was stranded—laid up in heaven forever.

Her face flushed with pleasure as the two little ones ran out eagerly to greet her: to be welcomed back—to gladden any one by her return, was so pleasant. Mrs. Hardwick met her on the steps, but checked her inquiry ere it was half uttered. Mary's face, to which the old, wan look had returned, told its own tale. Yet there was real sympathy, even in that sudden pausing of the voice; and Mary, on whom no touch of kindness was ever lost, answered her.

"She lived to see me, dear Mrs. Hardwick, and her last kiss was mine; for they lie together—mother and baby—dead."

"How very sad," she answered; "yet better, perhaps, except for the poor father's sake, that the little one should be taken too. Was she quite young, my dear?"

"My own age, within a month or two."

Mrs. Hardwick's eyes filled with tears. "Poor mother! If possible, that is even harder than following one by one to the grave those more dear than life. But come, my dear Miss Sutherland, I must show you into a new room, for we did not think of seeing you back just yet, and being short of beds, as you know, have put my cousin, Mr. Grenville, into yours. Shall you mind being squeezed in here for a week or so?" she added, turning from the broad staircase into one of the small rooms of the tower. "We know so little of our visitor that I should not like asking him to move, if you will kindly excuse it."

"Indeed, there is nothing to excuse, Mrs. Hardwick, it is a delightful nook; I shall feel like a very sea-gull nested up here, with this world of waters at my feet."

"I am glad you like it, my dear; it was my favorite spot of the whole house, years ago; but I suppose I am no true sailor's wife, for, now that my husband is at the mercy of those waves, and my eldest boy sleeps beneath them, they have lost their fairness for me: and that murmur, which used to stir my pulses, is an everlasting dirge. But what am I thinking of? There is no need to sadden you with an old woman's troubles, I am sure." And she bustled about cheerfully, putting in their places the little knick-knacks which had been removed from the other room; and then, telling Mary that tea was ready, left her.

Mary indulged in a few minutes' gaze from the window before she changed her travelling dress, and in spite of herself, her spirits rose

at the prospect. The remainder of the Grange was shut out from sight, and through the rocky cleft in which the house was built, nothing was visible but a vast sheet of tumbling water; so she straightway fancied herself the guardian of some lone beacon-house, and then, thinking of Cecil Norton, tossed, perhaps, on some far-off sea, she wished that there really had been a ruddy light to tend and feed through the darkness, for the sake of benighted travellers.

A timid tap at the door aroused her, and her "come in" brought Grenville, with a bunch of flowers from his own garden to present to her. It was not a particularly elegant bouquet, being composed chiefly of marigolds and nasturtion blossoms—the only flowers, some how or other, that thrived under Grenville's treatment; moreover, it was set off by a circlet of copy-book paper, elaborately ornamented by his scissors; but Mary took it with a pleased smile, kissed his blushing little face, and put it in the front of her dress. He was delighted to find her so pleased with his tower, as he called it; and after showing her his own room just above, they went down together to tea. In high glee he chattered away of what they had been doing in their holiday, and then, running off, threw the drawing-room door open, in spite of Mary's warning finger, with "here comes the princess of my tower." Mary entered, smiling; but her laugh suddenly choked her, and she seized the back of a chair to steady herself. At the open window was a chess-table, against which Alice was leaning, evidently learning the game; for as her glossy hair swept her teacher's shoulder, and almost mingled with his, he had seized her dimpled fingers, and laughingly arrested her move. Mary would have known even that hand anywhere; but that head, with its breadth of brow, and its peculiar setting upon the massive throat—so firm and proud, as though it would face danger and death rather than bow to falsehood—did she not know it? Was not its every line graven upon her heart of hearts? Before she had time for thought, an involuntary exclamation escaped her. He turned, and her hand was once more clasped in Cecil Norton's.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE mystery was soon explained. Fortune had smiled upon Cecil since Mary saw him last. A distant relative, from whom he had no expectations, had bequeathed him what, with his simple habits, was an ample provision for life, and he was now about to join his sister, an independent man. His mother and Mrs. Hardwick had been first cousins, and though in the days of his pride and pov-

erty he had held aloof from his connections, and, bearing in mind their opposition to his mother's marriage, had all but resented as an insult their offers of assistance, his heart was softened now, both by sorrow and by unexpected prosperity; and he was unwilling to leave England forever without making his peace with those whom his mother once had loved.

Mary did not marvel, as she had done once, at the sudden lightness of heart, the impulsive, unreasoning gladness, which flooded her being at so unexpected a meeting. True, there was a nervous consciousness oppressing her, which she had known before; but even that, even the memory of Amy's dying face, and the certainty that this gleam of happiness must soon be eclipsed, could not check her exhilaration. It was not long either before she felt practically the benefit of his presence. The very next morning, when with unwilling wandering thoughts she took her place in the schoolroom, he begged admission, and, laughingly deposing her from her post, declared that he must make a strict inquiry into the progress of her pupils; and that, lest her presence should disturb their equanimity, she must take herself out of hearing altogether—on the beach, he suggested, or in the glen. And the next few days, in spite of Alice's pretty amazement and half-angry pout, he took Mary's place, giving her many a pleasant hour of freedom really needed just then, and suggesting here and there a rule, or introducing a book, that simplified the labor to both pupil and teacher. Often, too, he managed to spend an hour or two with her alone; and so vividly were old times recalled, by his familiar voice, that Mary could have fancied it was but yesterday she had confided to him her girlish hopes and fears, and had watched with him by Arthur's side.

"Miss Mary," he said one morning, after they had been talking together some time, "I am afraid you must have thought me very ungrateful for not having been to see your mother and yourself. I longed to see the dear old house again; but men are strange creatures. I did not dare to indulge myself so far." He paused, and then added, hurriedly, "We were fellow-mourners there once, and you will understand, though yours was the deeper grief of a sister, that I dreaded the associations of the place."

Ah! thought Mary, it was not I he feared to meet; his love, if love it were, has long died out. "Gratitude was surely your due, rather than ours," she said aloud; "but, indeed, I can enter into that susceptibility to sad associations. I almost think I should have died, or lost my reason, had I staid at

home much longer—I grew so wretchedly weak and spiritless."

He gave her a quick look—it seemed of compassion; but he spoke firmly—almost with hardness. "Nay, Miss Sutherland, you would have conquered that, if it had been necessary for you to stay there. God does not lay upon us more than we are able to bear, and it is rebelling against him to brood over the past until the shadow of his hand, which darkened it, is by ourselves dragged back to cloud the blessed sunshine of the present. But you are young to learn that lesson. I grieved for you much, dear Miss Mary, when I heard this morning that death had again bereaved you. I guessed that it was your old schoolfellow, Mr. Laurence's cousin, whom you lost; is it so?"

"Yes, dear Amy is gone; but I do not grieve as I once did. Her life was not a happy one, and she bowed gladly to the stroke."

"And her child?"

"It died in my arms," answered Mary, a tear or two trickling down her face; "it was best so, for there was no one to love it here."

"I never knew a marriage prosper formed as that one was. All may seem smooth to the world; but that outward gilding only makes the inner wretchedness the more abhorrent." He paused a minute or two, and then added, "My sister's marriage was, as I think you have heard me say, a very heavy trial to me—selfishly speaking: for our hearts had been united from childhood. How could I have borne it had I known that her woman's nature was desecrated, instead of strengthened and ennobled, as, thank God! it is. Like you, Miss Mary, I think I should have turned coward, and said that it was more than I could bear."

"It is very hard to be brave," answered she; "I think it would require immense courage, too, though of another kind, to enter on such a path as poor Amy's was."

"Not courage," he said quickly, "recklessness. A brave woman will hold the nature God has given her pure and spotless, and will face the world, ay, and dare its poverty and scorn, rather than stoop to that degradation. I should not speak thus freely on a matter that touches one you loved, but that I saw how your every feeling was enlisted against that marriage."

"Yes, it was so then; but now that I know all, I pity far more than blame. How often would our compassion, rather than our anger, be moved, could we see into the secrets of the heart."

"That said compassion is an attribute of you women, Miss Sutherland; you certainly are far nearer the angels than we."

"Nay," she answered, smiling, "you have strength and simplicity, which we lack." He shook his head. "Our softness is too often selfishness, and where more tenacity of purpose and moral strength are given, the woman is commonly unsexed; the masculine element swamps all her delicate tenderness, and to me she is altogether unlovely."

"Quite eloquent, I declare," said Cecil, smiling, "but not quite spontaneous. You have thought over that subject, and made out a good case."

Mary blushed. "Yes, I have often thought of, but seldom broached it. I admit that men do stand higher in my esteem than my own sex; granting that we are by nature more self-denying and more enduring than they, how wanting are we in their large-hearted generosity! Then there are what Tennyson calls the 'sins of emptiness—gossip, and spite, and slander;' how they overrun our hearts! Mind, I am speaking of men and women as I have found them."

"And I too. I have known really but three women; my beloved mother, my sister, and one other. From them I learnt what woman should be, and your poet, Miss Sutherland, will tell you what that is," and he repeated—

"There was one I loved; one

Not learned save in gracious household ways;  
Not perfect—nay, but full of tender wants;  
No angel, but a dearer being, dipt  
In angel instincts, breathing paradise,  
Interpreter between the gods and men;  
Who looked all native to her place, and yet,  
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere  
Too gross to tread."

"Nay, that is hardly fair; you overthrow my poor little quotation with one six times as long, but not half so much to the purpose, and then fancy you have triumphed. But I shall not give up my point, nor barter my experience for a fine sentiment in blank verse."

"You appear to have carried your opinion into practice here, at all events," said Cecil, laughing. "My little namesake, according to my new dignities, is certainly your favorite."

"That he is, though I have never suffered my preference to be in the slightest degree perceptible to the children. Agreeably to my own theory there is a depth and generosity in the lad's nature which his sister lacks. Do you know how much he is like you? I wrote to tell mamma so when first I came."

"God forbid that he should inherit my fate with the resemblance," said Cecil, hastily. "There must be no cloud upon the threshold for him. I have made my cousin all but

promise to send him out to me a few years hence. My dear sister lost her only child last year, and I shall need some one to chide in my old character of schoolmaster—shall I not, Miss Mary?"

Mary did not answer. In the charm of feeling him near her again, she had almost forgotten the far-off, inaccessible India, which was to separate them forever; and her heart died within her at his words. "There is Alice, seemingly in search of us," she said at last, fearing to betray, by her silence, what was passing in her mind.

"Pretty creature!" broke from Cecil; and again Mary felt a pang. This time it was akin to jealousy—a half envious regret, such as she had felt years ago, that she, too, had not been made beautiful. "What is this?" she asked herself, as she trampled down the weakness. "Is his presence to make me mean and selfish, instead of noble, like himself? Shame, shame!"

Alice evidently had been looking for them, though, as they approached, she coquettishly turned away her pretty head, and gazed into the water.

"Seeking mermaids there, Alice?" asked Cecil.

"No; I should look upon the land, rather than in the water, now-a-days, for such charmers," she said, pettishly, "though if beauty were a necessary ingredient of the spell"—and an expressive shrug completed the sentence.

"Do you admit of no other charm than that of color and outline, then, my little coz? Believe me, there is in many a face, of whose beauty the mirror says little, a far deeper and more potent spell, strengthened often by the sweet simplicity of the possessor, unconscious of the power she wields."

Not a shade of self-consciousness tinged Mary's cheek with color, though in truth, it was of her gentle face, with its world of sorrow and of love, that Cecil was thinking. Alice pouted her rosy lips significantly, and he changed his tone at once, saying playfully, "I guess what my fair cousin was looking at; shall I tell her? It was a face with saucy black eyes and long curls about it; not damp, sea-weedy locks. (I wonder if the mermaids ever tried curl-papers, by the by.) Hav'n't I guessed well, now?"

Alice laughed. "The water is not clear enough to make such a good glass," she said.

"O! then you own the correctness of my picture! But come here"—and, smiling, he half pushed her to the edge of a pool which the receding tide had left behind. Mary heard her ringing laugh, and saw his arm upon her shoulder; she could have

turned and run away, but for very shame she pressed on, biting her lips.

"See, Miss Sutherland," said Cecil, "have I not found Alice a pretty mirror, framed in golden sand, and set about with all these treasures of the deep. I verily believe the gray old sea left it purposely behind him, and gallantly ranged round it these pearly shells and delicate wreaths; perhaps he is telling us about it now, if we could only understand him."

Mary looked. Deep in the transparent pool Alice Hardwick's fair face shone out—every dimple round the mouth, every dancing light upon the soft curls, was there; and over her shoulder Cecil's broad forehead and half mischievous eyes. Mary looked for her own face, and almost started. The crêpe veil which hung heavily about it made it appear paler than it really was; the brow was contracted; the lips compressed. She knew that beauty had never been hers, but she scarcely knew before that the freshness of her youth had so faded. Perhaps it was the glowing contrast so near; but, at all events, it made her sigh, and this time the regret was unchecked, for it was a sigh over what had been once—over her vanished youth, with all its wasted fancies and dead hopes. Alice seemed to feel no such dissatisfaction; but gazed and smiled complacently, as well she might.

"Cecil," she said, "shall I tell you what I did come out for?"

He nodded. "Well, it was to beg a favor of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes, sir; of you. Men folk are not so plentiful here but that they can make themselves very useful if they will. I want to go to the Race-ball next week—will you take me?"

"Why, what a strange chaperon you would have, child! You would only laugh at me when you got me there."

"O! never fear; I shall manage you beautifully, if you only consent. And you will go too, won't you?" she added, turning to Mary.

"You forget Miss Sutherland's recent loss," said Cecil hastily, and with a look of annoyance.

"Ah, to be sure! what a bore; one can't go out in such deep mourning—I did not think of that. But you have not promised yet, cousin."

Mary heard him give the promise, coldly enough, as she turned towards the house; yet when she met them at tea, Cecil's smiles had returned, and even she could not help catching something of Alice's freshness of spirit as she danced about the room in expectation of her first ball.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE day following, not without a few sighs, Mary resumed her duties regularly in the schoolroom. The morning was not to pass over without annoyance. Grenville pettishly complained of headache, both children showing the effects of their holiday in their restiveness under restraint; and Mary, who felt that the few precious hours of intercourse with Cecil were slipping fast away, showed a considerable degree of irritation in her manner, which only increased the evil.

Scarcely were the lessons over when Alice burst into the room, a cloud of white drapery hanging over her arm. "O, Miss Sutherland, you must come here and see what a lovely present I have had. It will make the most divine dress for the ball!" and she displayed a richly embroidered skirt of the delicate muslin of India, half covered with an arabesque of feathery leaves and flowers.

"Beautiful, indeed," said Mary, with a scarcely audible sigh.

"Yes," continued the delighted Alice; "it must have cost a little fortune, and will be the admiration of everybody. What a bridal dress it would make, eh? By the bye," she ran on, lowering her voice, "you know more of Cecil than we: did you ever hear of his being engaged, or in love?—because, when I had left the room, mamma says he told her that his sister sent him over this dress years ago for some lady she hoped he would marry. She is a devoted, exemplary sort of wife herself, it seems, and when he wrote—in rapturous terms, I dare say—of the fair unknown, she forthwith built a matrimonial castle for him *en Espagne*, and sent over the wedding attire. Rather premature, was n't it?"

"Yes," said Mary, quietly. "Still, it was natural his sister should earnestly desire his marriage. She knew how keenly he felt her loss."

"Well, I can hardly believe it, but mamma says his voice was quite broken when he spoke of the past, and said that his hopes could never now be realized. Who could it have been? I think she must have refused him; you know he had not a penny in those days."

Mary stooped over the snowy cloud of embroidery, and seemed to be tracing out its marvellous intricacies; but she made no answer.

"I must be off and send for the dress-maker," said Alice, gathering it up, and thinking, as she did so, what a stupid, inanimate piece of goods that governess was.

Mary, left alone, tried vainly to settle to her usual employments; there were copies to

he set in the writing books for that afternoon, and she began to mend a pen for the purpose; but tears gathered in her eyes, and her hands trembled. She put it aside and sat down to think. Who could it have been of whom Cecil's thoughts were so full, that he must send a whisper of his love even across the sea? Was it some fair creature who had captivated his fancy upon the threshold of life, and by the influence of her beauty stimulated him to exertion, when his prospects were clouded and his hopes dashed to the ground? Or was it rather, as her heart told her, no other than herself, whom he had watched and cherished long, long ago, and seen in silence given to another? She remembered suddenly all the generosity of that unheeded love; she recalled how warmly he had defended Aleck Laurence, when occasionally she had complained before him of some trifling neglect to Arthur or to herself, and how, half playfully, he had dwelt from time to time upon the lad's fresh beauty, until her cheeks had glowed with pleasure. Many another proof of his generosity, and, as it seemed, of his affection, arose in her memory; and then came bitter questionings—had it ceased forever?—had it fallen off from her as unworthy of so precious a gift? There was one answer—it might be that he was repelled and disgusted by her apparent fickleness in shaking off that first impression; that he was in ignorance of her freedom never for a moment occurred to her. She was, indeed, somewhat puzzled that he had shown so little surprise at her changed and dependent position, and that more than once he had casually mentioned Aleck Laurence's name in their conversations.

She forgot that, supposing her still to be his betrothed, the known condition of young Laurence's affairs, following upon her brother's death, would suggest to Cecil a natural explanation of her position; and that the very fact of his using that name in her presence sufficiently proved that he was in ignorance of the truth.

She was roused from her train of thought by a cry from the garden, and, hastily rising, opened the window. Little Grenville appeared to be the culprit, for Cecil held him by the shoulder, and, as he angrily shook him, Mary could catch the words—"What, sir! Are you such a coward as to strike your sister?" She ran out in defence of her pet, but met Charlotte on the steps, sobbing out that Grenville had struck her face, and she should go and tell mamma. She could not discover the cause of the quarrel, nor who had been the aggressor; but she quieted the child, and washing her face, which was really bruised, left her, and went out. Grenville had thrown himself upon the grass, and was

sobbing with excessive passion. Before she could muster dignity enough to repress him, he threw his little arms about her neck, and, with some difficulty, she gathered that Charlotte had irritated him by calling Mary names, and finally by trampling down a minute rose-tree, whose one bud had been dedicated to Mary from the time it appeared, and watched day after day with the greatest care. The boy stoutly persisted at first that he had only served his sister right; and even when Mary's gentle reasoning had convinced him of his fault, his indignation at Cecil's punishment falling alone on him knew no bounds.

Mary remembered with self-reproach that it was probably her own irritability during school-hours that morning which had given rise to all this angry feeling, by exciting Charlotte's dislike; so, after dealing very gently with the offenders, and effecting a reconciliation, she sought Cecil, to explain what was her own share of blame.

"I need not tell you, Miss Mary," he said kindly, when he had heard her, "that self-command is absolutely necessary before we can command others."

"I am naturally hasty," she interrupted, "and have no self-command."

"Nay," he said, "after one victory over self, a second is comparatively easy. I have seen you achieve one, and it read me a lesson I can never forget in that most beautiful book of nature—womankind."

Mary opened her eyes with surprise. "I allude, dear Miss Sutherland, to the old times—the sad, yet happy old times—when we were together last. You are not made in that stronger, harder mould, of which you spoke the other night; yet, when I watched you through all that suffering—how pityingly you can never know—I saw only the most perfect forgetfulness of self, and mastery over it."

"It is an easy victory where we love," said Mary, with a touching expression in the depths of her soft eyes.

"To one of your instincts, and your loving nature, every step towards the right is easy," he answered, with emotion; "you can little guess at what a cost the victory over self is gained by such as I."

Mary had no voice to answer; but as she pondered alone over his words, it struck her for the first time that he might be in ignorance of the rupture of her engagement. "Could he have spoken in that tone to one whom he despised, or even to one whom he had ceased to love?" she asked herself,—"or would he have talked of warm and loving instincts as blessings to one so lonely as I—with but a single anchor in the wide world for all my wealth of love? And shall I let this last chance pass, and know that he, too, may go

to his grave desolate and heart-stricken — or shall I tell him all, and let him claim me for his own, if he will?" She blushed deeply, and forgetting there was no eye near, buried her face in her hands; but frame a plan, or put together a speech, by which Cecil might be enlightened, she could not. "It would be worse than all," she thought, "if he thought me bold and forward. No; I must leave it until the right moment comes, and if it be God's will that we part, as it seems we shall, I must bear it as he would have me, could he know all."

Mary's love for Mrs. Hardwick's little son was soon put to a test, and a severe one. After suffering from headache for some days, he was seized with fever; and though it quickly produced delirium, he never lost his consciousness of her presence. He would not accept even his mother's in its stead, nor would he bear Cecil's entrance into the room without evincing so much excitement as to forbid a repetition of the attempt. With his burning hand in Mary's he lay day after day, and when she moistened his lips, or renewed the cooling application to his head, he never failed to acknowledge it, if it was only by the grateful look in his eyes — those eyes so like Cecil's. Thus, in the last few days, so inexpressibly precious to one at least, Mary and Cecil were effectually separated, and the time for parting drew near; for he was to join his ship, which lay off Fairleigh, immediately after the ball, and that was only two days off. The time passed slowly — how slowly to Mary no one guessed. She saw little of Alice, excepting at a distance; for the utmost she did was to open the door now and then, and with her handkerchief over her pretty mouth, to ask nervously if the fever lessened. The window of Grenville's room, however, looking in the opposite direction to her own, commanded the garden; and there she often watched her walking with Cecil, or reclining by his side; and so softly rounded was every outline of the figure, that it would have been a study of grace and freshness, had not a certain consciousness, and striving for effect, marred all. The strain upon Mary's spirits just then was very great, and sometimes even that sight was more than she could bear. The girl was so fair — what if in his loneliness Cecil should turn to her? How could she bear to know that he had taken to his bosom that hollow, trifling heart, on which he could no more lean than could an oak upon a stripling ash? And straightway poor Alice's faults, her egotism, her coldness, and her vanity, were magnified, until Mary started to find how far from Cecil's ideal of womanhood her morbid fancies had carried her. Still, the fear would make itself heard. But the time wore on; the two days at last were

over, and there was no mention of deferring Cecil's departure.

The child's fever had abated, and though the faithful nurse was still at her post, Alice's vanity so far overcame her fears, that she sailed into the sick-room in all the glories of her ball attire, to challenge Mary's admiration. It was a pretty sight. The delicate fabric, so pure and ethereal-looking, was well suited to the scarcely matured figure; and the small round arms, polished as ivory, were not shamed by its exceeding whiteness. Mary could not but think that the drooping shoulders and swelling bust were a little too much displayed; but it was hard to find any fault in so fair a picture. A choking rose in her throat as she remembered the history of that Indian-wrought robe; but she courageously subdued it, and steadied her voice to admire every detail, even to the faultless gloves and the tiny satin slipper.

As Alice left the room, Mary heard another step approaching. She would have fled had there been a second door; but she soon perceived that the agitation of her visitor was too great to permit of his observing hers.

Perhaps if she had known that for an hour past he had been upon his knees craving strength to subdue himself, so far as to give her by a word or sign no single pang at that last parting — perhaps if she could have known it, her love would have overleapt the reserve of her womanhood, and she would have thrown herself at his feet before it was too late. But a strong instinct held her back.

"Ah! Miss Mary," he said, in a forced cheerfulness, "I need never talk again of courage; I have thought over this parting like the veriest coward" — his voice broke down, and he added hurriedly: "I did not mean to ask you, but — but — will you remember me, Mary, — will you think of me sometimes? Even the dead would fain be forgotten, and I shall be among the dead for you. My God! and have I brought her tears?" Mary felt him take her hand and cover it with kisses; then it was flung from him rather than dropped. She looked up, and he was gone.

And she had not uttered a single word! Not a promise of remembrance — not a word of gratitude or of the love with which her heart was breaking. She heard the carriage-wheels roll out of the court, and felt Grenville's shivering little figure nestle up to her as he whispered in her ear, "Don't cry, dear." She roused herself to replace him in bed with a few tender words; and then, as she watched him fall asleep, she remembered gratefully how, in her last trial, Amy's child, with its feeble hold on life, had been given her, as was this little one now, to check

the selfishness of her grief, and turn her thoughts, even then, to the wants and weakness of others. She had slept by the boy's side since his illness, but, to-night, was to return to her own room; and fearing to meet Mrs. Hardwick, or, indeed, any one, until she was more calm, she hastily arranged the sick-room, and stole down to bed. The moonlight rested full upon her window, and showed her a package lying before it. "A parting gift from Cecil," she said, instinctively, as she crossed the room; and so it was. A small selection of books, the case of rich Eastern workmanship, curiously designed to hold a considerable number of volumes in an apparently small space, showed that the donor had well understood her likings. Yet she turned with a sickness of heart from the delicately carved ebony, and the chaste bindings of some of her especial favorites, until a letter caught her eye. To seize and open it was the work of an instant; but her hot tears welled up so fast that she had to pause before she could read a single line. It proved to be but a few words, entreating her by the memory of one they both loved to appeal to him as to a brother, if ever in sickness or sorrow she should need a friend. Within the cover was a bank-note for a hundred pounds, which, with the books, he left her in Arthur's name; and concluded by saying that, if there was any possibility of her desiring his presence in England at some future time, they had not parted forever.

Mary was soothed by his words, and, though her inmost heart was aching, she laid down with a sweet sense that, parted as they were, his protecting love would follow her still. She thought that sleep would surely never come that night: but she forgot that she was yet young, and that the last few days had been inexpressibly wearying, both to body and mind. She pressed the letter to her lips, and retraced, in memory, all her intercourse through joy and sorrow with the writer; but the moon soon shone upon her sleeping face, and though it was pale and blistered with tears, it seemed to rest there fondly, as on something holy. In her dreams she saw Cecil again, and herself, not Alice, white-robed and smiling by his side. The moon-beams rolled away, and a cloud-darkened the casement; but she slept on. Then the carriage-wheels woke the echoes of the night, and for a few short hours the same roof was to shelter her and him she loved. Still she slept; and the sounds died away, and silence reigned again, save that the wind and the sea answered each other with a mournful and prophetic wailing. But the sleeper still slept on.

Ah! why does she start so wildly, and what glow is that upon her face?—upon

the bed and upon the wall, upon her uplifted hands? Yes! and even upon the broad waters it cast that livid glare. No hue of sunrise is it, but fierce and flickering, as though it were the bloody shadow of some huge tongue, licking up the red waters.

With a cry of horror, Mary sprang to her feet, and threw open the window. Dense masses of smoke rolled past; and as they cleared away, there, upon the cliff, upon the wings of the frightened sea-birds, everywhere was that unearthly glare. As the truth flashed on her, and she wrung her hands in despair, the solemn tolling of the fire-bell sounded from the cliff, and she heard distinctly the shouts for help, and the dragging down of chests and furniture from other parts of the house. She was alone, then, out of the reach of aid, in the tower—none would ever dare to rescue the poor governess. But Grenville, the child! She rushed to the door; the air was suffocating, the hot planks scorched her feet; it was too plain that the flames had gained ground, and cut them off from the hope of succor. Still she would try to save him. With a strength she never dreamt of possessing, she seized the sleeping boy and bore him down the scorching stairs, unconscious of his weight. One glance from his window had told her all. The Grange was enveloped in flames, and, hurrying to and fro amid the gleaming helmets of the firemen, were trembling figures, and faces shining livid with terror, even through that lurid heat. The fire had leapt onward fiercely in those few seconds, for, as she again passed the door which barred them in so fatally, a redder glow shone through the crackling panels, and fresh streams of smoke poured in. She closed her own door, and bore the terrified child to the window; but she could not comfort him—she could not even pray. Life had been sad enough; but was it to end thus, in this suffocating horror, this scorching agony? With Grenville in her arms, she rocked to and fro; his piteous voice calling upon his mother—she, upon God and Cecil. She looked once more, despondingly, from the window, but the dizzy height made her recoil and shudder even then. There was no hope, then—none; and again, in her agony, Cecil's name broke louder, and yet louder, from her lips. Was it possible? or was it some mocking demon that, amid the crashing timber and echoing bell, answered with words of hope? The door burst open. Yes, scorched and blackened as he was, it was he!—they would never more be parted, but pass together through that choking, fiery death. She clung to his feet, she covered them with her kisses, and he heard her passionate words of love. Back to the window, through the

hot and darkened air, he bore her and the child; and, as his strong arms encircled her, he whispered that even death might come now, since he had lived to hear those words. But the hand of death was not destined to come in that fiery guise. A helmet shone in at the window; the child was lifted up, and a gruff voice demanded "the woman, for

God's sake!" But Cecil would not give her up. Down the tottering ladder, in those protecting arms, he bore his fragile treasure; and his feet had scarcely touched the welcome earth, when with a fearful crash the roof fell in. The flames were for the moment smothered, and a smoking, blackened ruin was all that remained of Fairleigh Grange.

STARS ARE THE FLOWERS OF HEAVEN.—I sent a note to "N. & Q." some time ago, expressing my conviction that the original locale of this beautiful idea was in St. Chrysostom; but, as I could not then give a reference to the passage which contained it, my suggestion was of course not definite enough to call for attention. I am now able to vindicate to the "golden-mouthed" preacher of Antioch, this expression of poetic fancy, the origination of which has excited, and deservedly, so much inquiry among the readers of "N. & Q." It occurs in Homily X., "On the Statues," delivered at Antioch. I transcribe the passage from the translation in *The Library of the Fathers*:

"Follow me whilst I enumerate the meadows, the gardens, the flowering tribes; all sorts of herbs and their uses, their odors, forms, disposition; yea, but their very names; the trees which are fruitful and the barren; the nature of metals; that of animals, in the sea or on the land; of those that swim, and those that traverse the air; the mountains, the forests, the groves; the meadow below and the meadow above; for there is a meadow on the earth, and a meadow too in the sky; THE VARIOUS FLOWERS OF THE STARS; the rose below, and the rainbow above! . . . Contemplate with me the beauty of the sky; how it has been preserved so long without being dimmed, and remains as bright and clear as if it had been only fabricated to-day; moreover, the power of the earth, how its womb has not become effete by bringing forth during so long a time!" &c.—Homily X., "On the Statues," pp. 178-9.

"The stars bear tidings, voiceless though they are:

'Mid the calm loveliness of the evening air,  
As one by one they open clear and high,  
And win the wondering gaze of infancy,  
They speak,—yet utter not. Fair heavenly  
flowers,

Strewn on the floor-way of the angels' bowers!

'Twas His own hand that twined your chaplets  
bright;  
And thoughts of love are in your wreaths of  
light,  
Unread, unreadable by us:—there lie  
High meanings in your mystic tracery;  
Silent rebukings of day's garish dreams,  
And warnings solemn as your own fair beams."  
— *Notes and Queries*.

A CURE FOR WITCHCRAFT IN LONDON, 1573.  
— Among the City Records (*Reports*) it appears that on April 14, 1573, Alice, the wife of Thomas Lambard, chandler, confessed that, with the connivance and at the instigation of Thomasyn, the wife of John Clerk, Katherine, the wife of John Gold, and Johan Stockley, widow, she, by sorcery, witchcraft, enchantment, and other such like detestable and abominable practices, purposed to kill her husband, and gave money to the other three women, for that purpose, which they also confessed; whereupon it was ordered that all four women should be taken from the Compter to the Standard in Chepe at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the next day (Wednesday), and there be set in the pillory, and remain one hour and a half, during which time each of them should stand naked from the middle upwards, and be beaten with rods; and moreover, that the said Alice Lambard should stand apart from the others, having written in great letters on her head "for devising and practising, by cosening and witchcraft, to destroy and murder her husband;" and that the other three standing apart by themselves, should have written in great letters on their heads "for devising and practising with Alice Lambard, by witchcraft and cosening, to destroy the said Alice's husband;" and Thomasyn Clerk for "keeping counsel with Alice Lambard in a lewd and ungodly practice." After which they were to be led back to the Compter till further order should be taken. — *Notes and Queries*.

## THE WEST WIND.

"Of all the airts the wind doth blow,  
I dearly love the west."

LOVE-LADEN from the lighted west  
Thou comest with thy soul oppress  
For joy of him : all up the dim,  
Delicious sea blow fearlessly,  
Warm wind, that art the tenderest  
Of all that breathe from south or west,  
Blow whispers of him up the sea :  
Upon my cheek, and on my breast,  
And on the lips which he hath prest,  
Blow all his kisses back to me !

Far off, the dark green rocks about,  
All night shines, faint and fair, the far light :  
Far off, the lone, late fishers shout  
From boat to boat i' the listening starlight :  
Far off, and fair, the sea lies bare,  
Leagues, leagues, beyond the reach of rowing :  
Up creek and horn the smooth wave swells  
And falls asleep ; or, inland flowing,  
Twinkles among the silver shells,  
From sluice to sluice of shallow wells ;

Or, down dark pools of purple glowing,  
Sets some forlorn star trembling there  
In his own dim, dreamlike brilliancy.  
And I feel the dark sails growing  
Nearer, clearer, up the sea :  
And I catch the warm west blowing  
All my own love's sighs to me :  
On the deck I hear them singing  
Songs they sing in my own land :  
Lights are swinging, bells are ringing,  
On the deck I see him stand !

— Owen Meredith's Poems.

## THE TWO INTERPRETERS.

"The clouds are fleeting by, father,  
Look in the shining west,  
The great white clouds sail onward  
Upon the sky's blue breast.  
Look at a snowy eagle,  
His wings are tinged with red,  
And a giant dolphin follows him,  
With a crown upon his head !"

The father spake no word, but watch'd  
The drifting clouds roll by ;  
He traced a misty vision too  
Upon the shining sky :  
A shadowy form, with well-known grace  
Of weary love and care,  
Above the smiling child she held,  
Shook down her floating hair.

"The clouds are changing now, father,  
Mountains rise high and higher !  
And see where red and purple ships  
Sail in a sea of fire !"  
The father press'd the little hand  
More closely in his own,  
And watch'd a cloud-dream in the sky  
That he could see alone.

Bright angels carrying far away  
A white form, cold and dead,  
Two held the feet, and two bore up  
The flower-crown'd drooping head.

"See, father, see ! a glory floods  
The sky, and all is bright,  
And clouds of every hue and shade  
Burn in the golden light.  
And now above an azure lake  
Rise battlements and towers,  
Where knights and ladies climb the heights,  
All bearing purple flowers."

The father look'd, and, with a pang  
Of love and strange alarm,  
Drew close the little eager child  
Within his sheltering arm ;  
From out the clouds the mother looks  
With wistful glance below,  
She seems to seek the treasure left  
On earth so long ago ;  
She holds her arms out to her child,  
His cradle-song she sings :  
The last rays of the sunset gleam  
Upon her outspread wings.

Calm twilight veils the summer sky,  
The shining clouds are gone ;  
In vain the merry laughing child  
Still gaily prattles on ;  
In vain the bright stars, one by one,  
On the blue silence start,  
A dreary shadow rests to-night  
Upon the father's heart.

— Household Words.

## THE MOSS ROSE.

THE moss rose that she gave me,  
When we were both at school,  
When she was like a singing-bird,  
And I was like a — fool !  
The moss rose that she gave me,  
Alas ! for me and her,  
Too late I learned the language  
Of the little messenger.

The moss rose that she gave me,  
I folded in my book,  
And years from then, I saw it all !  
The meaning, and the look ;  
But ah ! the days had long gone by  
When we were both at school,  
When she was like a singing-bird,  
And I was like a — fool !

The moss rose that she gave me,  
That in my book I thrust,  
The stem is white and broken,  
And the leaves are blushing dust ;  
About my temples I can trace  
The gathering threads of snow,  
And the singing-bird, from sorrow,  
Flew to Heaven, years ago.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

## THE GREAT VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

HILO, HAWAII, October 18, 1855.

Did you ever hear of Hawaii? It is a grain of dust in the wide Pacific. It is the apex of a mountain whose base is covered by those deep waters not yet sounded by the mariner's plummet. It is a heap of basaltic rocks, thrown up in fusion from immeasurable depths below. It is the top of a chimney leading down to the burning bowels of the earth. It is one of the safety-valves of our planet; through which escape the steam and gases which might shatter our mundane abode. It is a gem on the bosom of the ocean. It is an oasis in a wilderness of waters—an emerald bower which charms and enchants the restless pilgrim. It is a little landscape in which are combined the beautiful, the lovely, the charming, the picturesque, the romantic, the inimitable, the wild, the grand, the lofty, the sublime, the awful, the terrific. Laughing landscapes, merry rills, dashing cascades, waving forests, smoking scoria, frowning precipices, mural battlements, "cloud-capped mountains," and thundering volcanoes all cluster here, and all are encircled by "the deep blue sea," and fringed with snowy foam. Hawaii is a prize for which mighty nations have struggled, and over which they now watch with jealous interest. And more—it is a field where Christianity and civilization have begun to shed their genial beams—a jewel plucked from the hand of Satan to adorn the diadem of Immanuel. But to the point. We propose to give you a brief sketch of one of the most wonderful volcanic eruptions ever witnessed on our planet. You are aware that we have a *permanent* volcano—Kilauea—some thirty miles from Hilo. This is a vast pit about ten miles in circuit, and varying in depth from 600 to 1,200 feet. Within this cauldron the fires are always burning, sometimes sluggishly, then again with fearful vehemence, while the ebon floor of the crater is raised hundreds of feet by upheaving forces and successive overflowings, and again depressed by lateral and subterranean discharges. For several months past this crater has been intensely active. You may have read the published account of our grand eruptions of 1840, '43, and '52, beside several minor ones. All these were wonders of a startling kind. But an eruption is now in

progress which eclipses all these. Its seat is near the summit of Mauna Loa (Long Mountain) 12,000 feet above sea-level. Kilauea is only 4,000 feet high, and is 35 miles from the present eruption. The altitude of Mauna Loa is nearly 14,000 feet. It is a vast volcanic dome, composed of slag, scoria, pumice, and other earthy matter, thrown up from the bowels of the earth in an igneous state, and heaped in wild and jagged masses to its present height. And still the process of disgorgement goes on, and still the Plutonic bull rises, and from his lanced heart a gory stream gushes forth. On the evening of the 11th of August a point of light was seen on the mountain, which, in a short time, rose and spread and flooded those high altitudes with a glowing radiance. An immense valve had opened, out of which rushed floods of igneous fusion, and poured down the mountain sides in dazzling brightness. Down, *down* the fiery current rolled—diving into caves, rending their mineral roofs—exploding vast boulders—melting the rocks—startling the wild bull, the rough goat, and the mountain bird with its awful detonations—lighting up the heavens with a lurid glare, and sending off its gyrating and convolving clouds of black, dun, white, blue, purple, and scarlet, on the wings of every wind. Steam, smoke, and deadly gases filled the atmosphere, and the sight "was like devouring fire on the top of the mount." For sixty-eight days this fearful furnace has been in full blast, and still the fountain is not exhausted. The main stream, including all its windings, we estimate at sixty miles long, with an average breadth of three miles. Lateral streams shoot off at all angles from the main trunk, and sometimes the great stream separates into several channels, which again unite, thus forming many islands down the side and at the base of the mountain. The depth may vary from 3 to 300 feet. On the plains at the base of the mountain it spreads and forms lakes and seas of five, six, or eight miles in breadth. The superficial area now covered with the smouldering masses may be 115,200 acres. This is Pluto's farm, or the slag from Vulcan's forge. Its cubic measurement we will not attempt, nor will we weigh its ponderous masses. The great fire-pump still works with awful force at its high fountain, and the molten river rushes madly down toward Hilo. Its ter-

minus is in a dense forest in the rear, and here, at the distance of some ten miles, it is gnawing down ancient trees, consuming all vegetable life, filling ravines, eating up the soil, drinking the streams, blasting the rocks, winding among the hills, or heaving them from their bases, leveling ridges, overcoming all obstructions, grading its own iron way, and moving in sullen progress upon us. Our atmosphere is loaded with dingy smoke and mineral gases, through which the sun's rays struggle with a yellow and sickly light, and all nature seems shrouded as in funeral drapery. Never was Hilo so hushed, so inquiring, so thoughtful. Many keep vigils the livelong night, and during the day plan modes of conveyance and places of deposit for the little earthly substance they have collected. And still the fiery ruin lingers in the woods, and still we hope and pray that the breath which kindled will extinguish it — that a high behest from the *Eternal Throne* will say, "*Hitherio — and no further.*"

In an air-line the seat of eruption is about forty-five miles from Hilo, but so tortuous is the route, that one has to travel sixty-five or seventy miles to reach it. Between the port of Hilo and the mountain a dense forest some thirty miles wide interposes. This forest is so filled and entangled with tropical jungle as to be impenetrable by man except on condition of cutting and beating his way step by step, often at the rate of one or two miles a day. Wild streams of water from the mountains do, however, tear their way through the woods, bringing with them, in times of freshet, trees, shrubs, vines, leaves, rubbish, and earth, leaving a channel of hard, basaltic rocks. Such a channel is, in a dry time, the best track through the forest. On the 2d inst., a Mr. McCully (of Yale), with myself and four natives, started for the scene and the source of the present eruption. Taking the channel of a stream which enters Hilo Bay, as our path, we advanced with much toil through the dense jungle along its banks, and rested at night at the roots of an ancient tree — having made about twelve miles. The next day we made about twelve miles more, for the most part in the rocky bed of the stream, the water being low. Volcanic smoke filled the forest, and charred leaves came floating on the breeze and falling into the wild channel we were threading. At night, when the shades gathered over these deep solitudes,

unbroken save by the bellowing of the mountain bull, the barking of the wild dog, the grunt of the forest boar, the wing and the note of the restless bird, the chirping of the insect, the falling of a time-worn tree, the gurgling of the rill, and the wild roar of the cataract, we made our little bed of ferns under the trunk of a prostrate tree, and here, for the first time, we found that the molten stream had passed us in the jungle on our left, and was now many miles below us on its way to Hilo. But we would not retreat, and as the jungle was nearly impenetrable in the direction of the stream, we pursued our upward way in the bed of the river till half past one P. M. on the third day, when we found ourselves out of the forest, and on the high plateau at the base of the mountain. I cannot stop to describe the beautiful, the romantic, the wild, the wonderful, in the banks, the narrows, the widenings, the rocks, the rapids, the cascades, the basins, the caves, and natural bridges of this solitary stream. Nor can I speak of the velvet mosses, the modest creepers, the rich festoons, the sweet wild flowers, the gigantic ferns, the ancient forests, and all the tropical glories which are mirrored in its limpid waters. We needed an artist and a naturalist to fix the glowing panorama, to paint the flora and catch the fauna of these romantic solitudes.

When we emerged from the upper skirts of the woods, a dense fog obstructed our view of all distant objects, so that we could not see the summit-fires, nor trace the molten stream down the slope of the mountain. We encamped early in a vast cave; but during the night the stars came out, and the volcanic fires played brilliantly from their high source, down the mountain sides, over the scorified plains, and far down in the forest toward Hilo.

Early in the morning (Friday, the 5th) we left our cavern, and at half past seven A. M. were on that black and smouldering stream for which we had been searching for more than three days. Almost as far as the eye could reach these regions had been flooded with seas of fusion — now, for the most part, hardened, but still smoking and crackling with heat and escaping gases.

We passed several miles up the left verge of the stream, and finding a narrow, well-solidified place, we crossed over to the right

verge — our passage occupying an hour and a quarter. We now ascended rapidly along the right bank of the stream, sometimes upon it, and again skirting it, according to the facility of travelling or the directness of its course. The stream is very tortuous, making ample detours and sudden zigzags, so that we saved much by cutting off bends or following the bases of the triangles described in its course.

All this day we came to no open fire. The first overflowings had stiffened and solidified in contact with the atmosphere, forming a broad ebon pall.

Under this self-made counterpane the continuous stream had formed a vast duct; and in this subterranean pyroduct it now flows like oil, at the depth of from twenty to one hundred feet, unexposed to the stiffening action of the air.

At night we slept on the higher regions of the mountain, beyond the line of vegetation, with the slag for our pillow, the heavens for our canopy, the stars for our watch-fires, and Israel's Shepherd for our guardian.

We were astir early on Saturday morning, climbing over indescribable hills, cones, ridges, and masses of hot and smoking debris and scoria, scattered wild and wide over those Plutonic regions. We soon came to a line of jagged cones, with open orifices of from twenty to one hundred feet in diameter, standing over the molten river, and furnishing vents for its steam and gases.

We approached the vents with awe, and, looking down their fiery throats, we heard the infernal surgings, and saw the mad rushings of the great molten stream, fused to a white heat. The angle of descent is from  $3^{\circ}$  to  $25^{\circ}$ , and we judged the velocity to be forty miles an hour.

The maddening stream seemed to be hurrying on, as if on swift commission from the Eternal to execute a work of wrath and desolation in the realms below. Upward and onward we went — climbing ridge after ridge, parched with thirst, panting in a rare atmosphere, blinded by smoke, almost scathed by heat and excoerated by sulphurous gases.

All the rest of the way we saw frequent openings into the fiery canal, upon whose arched ceiling we walked for miles, with the fearful stream rushing madly beneath our feet. At 1 P. M. we found ourselves at the

terminal crater, and standing on its craggy and smoking crest.

This was the high fountain of eruption — the great chimney whose throat goes down immeasurable depths into those fearful realms where man's eye never penetrated, and where he cannot look and live. For nearly five days we had struggled to gain this point; and now we were here — specks, atoms in creation — obscured by smoke, startled by infernal hissings, confounded, stunned, annihilated, amid these wild wonders, these awful displays of power which had scattered such a tempest of fiery hail, and raised such a raging sea of molten rocks on these everlasting hills. The grandeur, the sublimity, the terror of the scene were unutterable. A vast chasm had opened horizontally on the top of the mountain, and along this yawning fissure stood a series of elongated, jagged, and burning cones, about one hundred feet high, rent through this larger diameter, and throwing up dense columns of blue and white smoke, which covered the mountain's summit, rolled in fleecy masses down its sides, and spread out like the wings of chaos over unmeasured regions. Still no fire could be seen in this fountain — crater. We could feel it everywhere, and we could see and hear its escaping gases; but the throats of the cones were clogged with hot masses of cinders, pumice and ashes, with cracks, crevices, &c., for the escaping smoke. The fusion had long since found vent in a lateral, subterranean duct, several hundred feet below the rim of the crater, and in this covered way it flows off until it makes its appearance, as described, some two miles down the side of the mountain.

After a satisfactory survey of the terminal crater, and of the vast floods of ignition on the summit of the mountain, we descended a few miles down the eastern slope and took our lodgings among the rocks, without wood, and with only a few spoonfuls of water. Unwittingly we passed the last watering place early on Friday morning, and, having only a quart in our canteen, this was our whole allowance till 9 A. M. on Monday. We were reduced to a single spoonful each (six of us), and this only at our meals.

In this high and rocky nest we spent the Sabbath, having a full view of the fires from the high furnace above to the terminus of the stream, as it ate its way, like a fiery ser-

pent, through the forest and jungle far below.

On Monday we decamped early, and laid our course for old Kilauea. At noon we were befogged, lost our way, and encamped at 1 P. M. On Tuesday we found our track and reached Kilauea. On Wednesday we explored, took measurements, collected specimens, &c., and on Thursday reached home, having been absent ten days.

Oct. 23. — It is now seventy-three days since the great mountain eruption commenced, and still its vigor is not abated. Had we found the incandescent stream flowing into the sea on our return from the mount, we had not been disappointed. Nothing but the great distance, the tortuous course of the stream, and the many obstructions in the route, could have prevented it from reaching the sea in one week. Down the side of the mountain proper, say twenty-five miles, it flows with terrible swiftmess. At the base of the mount it flows over a plain of scoriform matter, cooled when agitated like the ocean in a tempest, and presenting a foaming surface of hills, valleys, cones, pits, ridges, gorges, caverns, &c., of some ten miles broad. Here the molten stream struggles, expanding, contracting, dividing, struggling to overcome obstructions, filling up vast basins, &c., and thus pushing sluggishly on to its third stage. This is that broad and dense forest already spoken of, extending from the plains at the base of the mountain, to within a few miles of the shores of Hilo. Here the fiery stream has found its greatest obstructions.

Through this forest the slope is very gradual — say  $3^{\circ}$ ; while, in addition to hills, ridges, gorges, basins, etc., it meets hundreds of enormous trees, and dives into swamps of mud, pools of water, and wet jungles, which act as a prompt damper.

Here, also, it finds a deep soil, which it must convert into ashes and igneous matter. Often, therefore, it does not progress an eighth of a mile a day in the woods, and thus our town has been more than once saved from devouring fire. In 1852 an igneous river approached within ten miles of us. That caused much solicitude, but this more, as the amount disgorged is greater, and the stream heads more directly for our town and harbor. One week brought the fearful stream from the mountain summit into the woods, or half way to the shore. In this forest it has been incessantly at work for sixty-six days, and yet the petrifying head of this Medusa does not emerge from the lower skirts of the jungle. We therefore begin to feel that the threatened ruin may be averted, and that the igneous current may spend its force in the forest, and thus open a future highway to the mountains.

Should the stream continue to flow for a few days more, I propose to make a second exploration — not as the first, to the high terminal fountain, but to the terminus, or end of the stream, as it eats its sullen way in the jungle, revealed only by its clouds of smoke by day and its baleful fires by night. This can be done only by cutting through the entangled forest, step by step, until we meet the fiery dragon in his own hidden pathway. Many a time have I thus approached an incandescent stream and dipped up its glowing fusion.

The foregoing is a glance at the facts connected with our present eruption, and our rapid tour to the mountain. Taking into account the duration of the flow, the length and breadth of the stream, and the amount of igneous matter disgorged — to say nothing of its present approach to our town — it is the greatest eruption I have witnessed during my twenty years' residence at Hilo.

EPITAPH. — The following epitaph was copied from a monument in Titchfield Church, Hants:

"The Hvsband, speakinge trewly of his Wife,  
Read his losse in hir death, hir praise in life.

Heare Lucie Quinsie Bromfield buried lies,  
With neighbours sad deepe weeping, hartes,  
sighes, eyes.

Children eleaven, tenne livinge me she brought.  
More kind, trewe, chaste was noane, in deed,  
word, thought.

Howse, children, state, by hir was ruld, bred,  
thrives.

One of the best of maides, of women, wives,  
Now gone to God, her heart sent long before;  
In fasting, prayer, faith, hope, and alms' deedes  
stoare.

If anie faulte, she loved me too much.  
Ah, pardon that, for ther are too fewe such!  
Then, reader, if thou not hard-hearted bee,  
Praise God for hir, but sighe and praie for mee.

Here by hir dead, I dead desire to lie,  
Till, rais'd to life, wee meet no more to die.

1618."

From the (New York) Examiner.

"OUTLIVED HER USEFULNESS."

REVERENCE for age should be instilled very early into the minds of children; and, like all seed sown by a mother's hand, it will take deep root there. Then will the virtues of the aged shine very brightly before the mind, and their infirmities be looked on with great leniency and pity. Next to motherless children, do the "stricken-in-years" claim our sympathy.

"The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips which they had pressed  
In their bloom;  
And the names they loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb."

Not long since, a good-looking man, in middle life, came to our door asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he seemed disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied, "I have lost my mother, and as this place used to be her home, and as my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "You have met with a great loss."

"Well — yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general — but, our mother had outlived her usefulness — she was in her second childhood, and her mind had grown as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself, and was a burden to everybody. There were seven of us sons and daughters, and as we could not find anybody who was willing to board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about. But I've had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out; and that was more than three months before her death. But then, she was a good mother, *in her day*, and toiled very hard to bring us all up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces there, which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours — those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "Mother;" and we wondered if that day could ever come when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness — she is no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody

else!" And we hoped that before such a day should dawn we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children! Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our graves may be watered with their tears, and our love linked with their hopes of heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went up to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect to the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day, and toiled hard to bring us all up — but she had outlived her usefulness — she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to everybody else." These cruel, heartless words rang in our ears as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. *One — two — three — four — five*; — how clearly and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees. *Six — seven — eight — nine — ten* — rang out the tale of her sports upon the greensward, in the meadow, and by the brook. *Eleven — twelve — thirteen — fourteen — fifteen*, spoke more gravely of school days and little household joys and cares. *Sixteen — seventeen — eighteen*, sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood, and the dream of early love. *Nineteen* brought before us the happy bride. *Twenty* spoke of the young mother, whose heart was full to bursting with the new strong love which God had awakened in her bosom. And then, stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood — of the love and care, and hopes and fears and toils through which she passed during those long years, till *Fifty*! rang out, harsh and loud. From that to *Sixty*, each stroke told of the strong, warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and children's children. Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but hark! the bell tolls on! *Seventy — seventy-one — two — three — four*. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care, is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; she goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She

murmurs in plaintive tones that, after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she cannot be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent rather than invited from house to house.

*Eighty — eighty-one — two — three — four* ; — ah, she is now a second child — now "she has *outlived her usefulness* — she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or anybody ;" — that is, she has ceased to be *profitable* to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lonely forest, and echoing back from our "hill of the dead," *Eighty-nine!* There she lies now in the coffin, cold and still — she makes no trouble now — demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied also an expression of grief for unrequited love, sat on her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "*She was a good mother in her day.*"

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was erect and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of Scripture, expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of His tenderness when gray hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and of dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Maker while in health, that they might claim his promises when heart and flesh should fail them. "Then," he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently on the coffined form before him, he then said reverently: "From a little child I have honored the aged; but never till gray hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow-creatures.

Now I *feel it*. Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all these her descendants. All I know of her is what her son has told me to-day — that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride — that here she passed most of her life, toiling as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had reared a large family of sons and daughters — that she left her home here, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that, till health and vigor left her, she lived for you, her descendants. You, who together have shared her love and her care, know how well you have requited her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your words and your example before your own children, for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you, as a friend, as one who has himself entered the 'evening of life,' that you never say in the presence of your families nor of heaven, 'Our mother had outlived her usefulness — she was a burden to us.' Never, never; a *mother* cannot live so long as that! No; when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their faithful bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures.

"Adieu, then, poor toil-worn mother! there are no more sleepless nights, no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed. Feeble as thou wert on earth, thou wilt be no burden on the bosom of Infinite Love, but there shalt thou find thy longed-for rest, and receive glorious sympathy from Jesus and his ransomed fold."

J. D. C.

MORMON ETYMOLOGY. — W. Richards, "Historian and General Church Recorder" of the Mormons, says:

"Mormon is the name of an ancient prophet, and signifies *more good*. 'Mormonism,' a new coined word by the enemy, signifies ALL TRUTH,

PRESENT, PAST, AND FUTURE; and the 'Mormon's' creed is *the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth*. And this creed is what the devil and all his imps are eternally fighting against, and not against the believers of that creed only, so far as the *truth influences their actions*." — *Millennial Star*, 1850, p. 341.

From Notes and Queries.

# BULLS AND BLUNDERS, ENGLISH AND IRISH.

COLERIDGE, in a paper contributed by him to his friend Southey's *Omniana*, or *Horæ Otiosiores*, furnishes an exemplification and definition of *bulls*, which, he asserts, —

"Will be found always to contain in them a confusion of (what the schoolmen would have called) *objectively* with *subjectively*; in plain English, the impression of a thing as it exists in itself and extrinsically, with the idea which the mind abstracts from the impression,"

and defines farther that —

"A *bull* consists in a mental juxtaposition of incongruous ideas, with the sensation, but without the sense, of connection."

Adopting this explanation, which appears as satisfactory as any yet given, our own experience both from reading and conversation will hardly allow us to dissent from the Quarterly Reviewer, who, in a notice of Miss Edgeworth's *Essay on Irish Bulls* (vol. II. p. 281), coincides with that delightful writer as to the gross injustice of the *exclusive* attribution of these phraseological peculiarities to the natives of the country of which she was so distinguished an ornament. That the soil, however, of the Irish intellect does afford more congenial pasture for the animal than is to be found elsewhere, I am not prepared to deny; but do believe that the genuine thoroughbred *bull* is far more rarely found in less favored climes. Mere *blunders*, however, are plentiful enough everywhere; and as an appropriate instance, perhaps that of the honest lowland farmer, though well known, may here bear repetition, who, having purchased a copy of Miss Edgeworth's *essay*, pronounced her "A pair silly body to write a book on bulls, and no ane word o' horned cattle in it a', forby the bit beastie (the vignette) at the beginning."

Swift is a singularly clear writer, but instances may be cited to show that he has not escaped the national peculiarity; such, for example, as his emphatic adjuration:

"Therefore, I do most earnestly exhort you as Christians, as parents, and as lovers of your country, to read this paper with the utmost attention, or get it read to you by others." — *First Drapier's Letter*.

This reminds us of the well-known epitaph, English I think, —

"Reader, if thou canst read," &c.

The essence of a bull may be discovered in the following remark of Goldsmith, another Irishman, who, writing to Johnson, complains:

"Whenever I write anything, the public make a point to know nothing about it."

Writers of the class to which Mr. Gilfillan belongs, "*ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores*," afford many an instance in proof of the truth of Miss Edgeworth's position. To take an illustration from the "*horticultural*" pages of this author:

"He must have *seen* in a blaze of *blinding* light, the vanity and evil, the folly and madness of the worldly or selfish, and the grandeur and truth of the disinterested and Christian life." — *Bards of the Bible*, p. 222.

We may ask this "*splendid*" writer to describe the process of seeing by means of that which destroys the visual faculty: this may be pronounced a genuine bull.

Mr. Cunningham, for whose most interesting notes to Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* we cannot be too grateful, pronounces his author

"The most distinguished of his contemporaries." — *Preface*, p. v.

We might ask how the Doctor could be his own contemporary; but Mr. Cunningham doubtless used this phrase, as a figure of speech, advisedly, and will defend himself with Milton's often quoted —

"Adam, the godliest man of men since born  
His sons, — the fairest of her daughters, Eve."  
— *Paradise Lost*.

I notice a growing misuse of the logical term "*correlative*," it being often employed as synonymous with "*correspondent*." Thus:

"If a pictorial *correlative* must be found for Waller, let him pair off with M. Petitot, the famous miniaturist in enamel." — *Bentley's Miscellany*, Jan., 1855.

A corruption of this kind in periodical literature does not excite surprise; I did not expect it, however, from a "*graduate*."

"*Pediment* and *spire* are precisely *correlative* terms, being each the crowning feature in ecclesiastical edifices." — *Ruskin's Lectures*, 1854, p. 52.

An agreeable lady-writer gives us the following extraordinary description of the Russian capital:

"The real and peculiar magnificence of St. Petersburg consists in *thus sailing, apparently upon the bosom of the ocean, into a city of palaces*." — *Sedgwick's Letters from the Baltic*.

This is a *landslip* with a vengeance! Warren, again, is an extremely careless writer. Hear his description of a cigar of Brobdignagian dimensions, and *jointed*, I suppose, like a flute, for convenience of carriage:

"The astonished Yahoo, smoking, as well as he could, a cigar, with which he had filled all his pockets!" — *Ten Thousand a-Year*, ch. xiii.

Sir Walter Scott perpetrates a curious blunder in one of his novels in making certain of his characters behold a sunset over the waters of a seaport, I think Montrose, situated on the eastern coast of Scotland. Godwin, too, in his *Caleb Williams*; or *Things as they are*, by the prolonged detention of his hero in prison, evidently regards *Habeas Corpus* as a thing that is not.

The following passage from Dr. Latham's *English Language* seems to me to require some explanation; speaking of the genitive or possessive case, he says, —

"In the plural number, however, it is rare; so rare, indeed, that whenever the plural ends in *s* (as it always does), there is no genitive." — P. 217.

Some of the finest blunders that have been perpetrated are to be found in necrological

and epitaphic records; in a recent obituary of some "oldest inhabitant," it was stated that the defunct had "continued to walk to church for the last ten years without intermission."

The anachronisms and other errors of painters form an amusing chapter in every compilation on the fine arts; I have seen an engraving after Morland, in which a plentiful crop of *apples* is being gathered from the *oak tree*, in painting which that inimitable and truly English artist was *facile princeps*; and when Hogarth, in his plate of "Morning," represents an old lady proceeding to her matutinal devotions, he indicates the earliness of the hour by making the hands of the clock point to seven minutes past five, — an hour at which, on a winter morning, it would be impossible to discern either clock or lady.

EPITAPH AT WOOD DITTON. — You have recently appropriated a small space in your "medium of intercommunication" to the subject of epitaphs. I can furnish you with one, which I have been accustomed to regard as a "grand clamafterical absurdity." About thirty years ago, when making a short summer ramble, I entered the churchyard of Wood Ditton, near Newmarket, and my attention was attracted by a headstone, having inlaid into its upper part a piece of iron, measuring about ten inches by six, and hollowed out into the shape of a *dish*. I inquired of a cottager residing on the spot what the thing meant? I was informed that the party whose ashes the grave covered was a man who, during a long life, had a strange taste for sopping a slice of bread in a dripping-pan (a pan over which meat has been roasted), and would relinquish for this all kinds of dishes, sweet or savory; that in his will he left a request that a dripping-pan should be fixed in his gravestone; that he wrote his own epitaph, an exact copy of which I herewith give you, and which he requested to be engraven on the stone:

"Here lies my corpse, who was the man  
That loved a sop in the dripping-pan;  
But now believe me I am dead, —  
See here the pan stands at my head.  
Still for sops till the last I cried,  
But could not eat, and so I died.  
My neighbors they perhaps will laugh,  
When they read my epitaph."

— *Notes and Queries.*

EPIGRAMS. — The two epigrams which follow were communicated to me many years ago by the Rev. George Loggin, M. A., of Hertford College, long one of the masters of Rugby School. He died July 15, 1824, at the age of forty; and this reminiscence of their old tutor's name will be welcomed by many a Rugbyman.

They were represented to have proceeded from the pen of Thomas Dunbar of Brasenose, who, from 1815 to 1822, was keeper of the Ashmolean Museum. I have never seen them in print, or even in writing. Then were recited *memoriter*, and from memory I write them down; and hence, no doubt, there will be some deviations from the true text. But they seem too good to be lost; and I am not without hope that a correct copy may eventually be elicited from some of your correspondents.

With regard to the first, whether the lines were really made on the occasion stated, or the occasion was invented (as I am inclined to suspect) to suit the lines, is perhaps not very material:

"Reply to Miss Charlotte Ness, who inquired the meaning of the logical terms ABSTRACT and CONCRETE.

"Say what is *Abstract*, what *Concrete*?  
Their differences define."

"They both in one fair person meet,  
And that, dear maid, is *thine*."

"How so? The riddle pray undo."  
'I thus your wish express;  
For when I lovely Charlotte view,  
I then view lovely-*Ness*."

On a certain D. D. (who, from a peculiarity in his walk, had acquired the *sobriquet* of Dr. Toe) being jilted by Miss H——, who eloped with her father's footman:

"Twixt footman Sam and Doctor Toe  
A controversy fell,  
Which should prevail against his foe,  
And bear away the belle.  
The lady chose the footman's heart.  
Say, who can wonder? no man:  
The whole prevail'd above the part,  
'Twas *Foot-man versus Toe-man*."

— *Notes and Queries.*